THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CX.—No. 1428]
APRIL 29, 1931
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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The Bystander, April 29, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1428. Vol. CX.

Pearl Freeman

MRS. VYVYAN DRURY

The beautiful wife of Mr. Vyvyan Drury, the well-known New York financier and sportsman. She was formerly Miss Essex French, being a granddaughter of the Earl of Ypres. Her sister, Valerie, was married to Lord Brougham and Vaux at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 21

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THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Lord Brougham and Vaux and his bride, Miss Valerie French, the younger daughter of Major the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. French and a granddaughter of the first Earl of Ypres, being piped from the church by pipers of the Black Watch after their wedding last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The eleven bridesmaids, who are seen following them, were the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lady Patricia Moore, Miss Diana Guest, Miss June Shakespear, the Misses Zara and Diana Mainwairing, Miss Alice Morgan, Miss Marjorie Scott, Miss Violet Stephenson, Miss Betty Williams and Miss Teresa Jungman

THE Season really begins this week, doesn't it? To-day (Wednesday) there is the 2,000 Guineas, which Lord Ellesmere hopes to win, and on Friday the 1,000 Guineas, and the Private View of the Royal Academy. The Opera season began with *Rosenkavalier* on Monday. The imminent return of the Prince of Wales, and the visit of King Alfonso, even though under the incognito of the Duke of Toledo, all add to the social electricity in the air.

Oh Yes, it Will Be!

What will be what? Why, *The Bystander* Special Sports and Polo Number will be on sale next week complete with many interesting features.

Writers and artists have combined to make next week's issue one of outstanding interest to all who enjoy participating in or watching outdoor sport. Polo, Golf and other pursuits of the sportsman and sportswoman will be dealt with knowledgeably and brightly, and all the usual features will, of course, be included.

The price of next week's *Bystander* will be the usual one of ONE SHILLING, and it will be on sale on WEDNESDAY NEXT as ever will be. Miss it at your peril!

NOT being an authority on superstitions, I cannot say what penalty is thought to attach to a man who drops his wedding ring at the altar. This, though, is what happened to Lord Brougham and Vaux, sometimes nicknamed "Vo Diodo," when he married Miss Valerie French at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Fortunately, there was no loud tinkling sound, as it dropped on a cushion at his feet.

MISS VALERIE FRENCH, looking very lovely in one of the tightest wedding dresses I have ever seen, remained quite unconcerned, both then and later at Victoria Station when they found that the engine driver of the boat-train had refused unchivalrously, but not surprisingly, to hold the train for them. Altogether, it was a very pretty wedding, with the bride as the prettiest person present—a charming but infrequent state of affairs at St. Margaret's.

ON the same day Mr. Bunny O'Brien married Lord Decies' daughter at the Grosvenor Chapel. This was a very quiet affair, however, in view of the recent death of the bride's mother, and there was only one

Lady Brougham and Vaux in her wedding gown. It is of ivory satin fitting the figure to the knees, the long, close-fitting sleeves being trimmed with pearls. The veil of white tulle is sprinkled all over with fine pearls and held in place by a small round cap of pearl-embroidered satin

PLAYTIME AT THE DORCHESTER HOTEL

The Marquesa de Merry del Val leaving the Spanish Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens where her husband was for so long in residence as Spanish Ambassador. The Marquis and Marquesa will probably live in France for, at any rate, some time

bridesmaid. Several members of the Gould family were there, however. Altogether it has been a week of marrying and giving in marriage. Mr. Robin Leigh, who is in the Cavalry, married Miss Anne Hicks-Beach at Wittenham on Monday, which was also the date chosen by Lord Stavordale, who has now recovered from his blood poisoning.

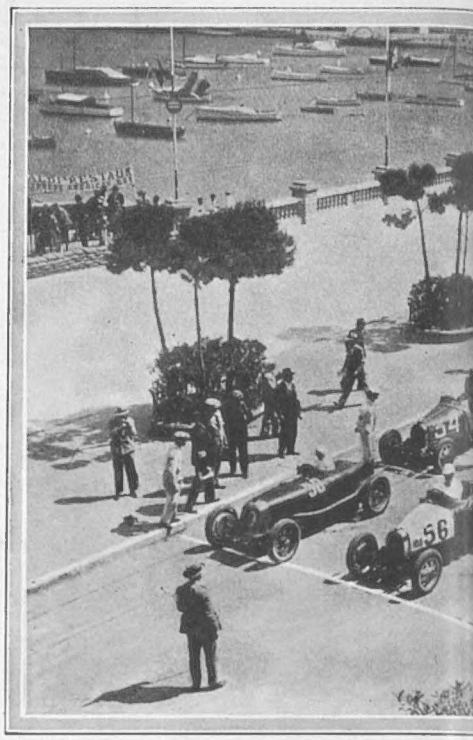
A FUTURE bridegroom is Mr. George Spencer, Lord Spencer's brother, who has followed the example of his sister, Lady Margaret Spencer, by announcing his engagement.

Mr. Spencer has led an adventurous life in South America. He used to be in the Navy. Since then he has been knifed by a temperamental native. He has been shot in the face by a dismissed servant, and, finally, his horse ran away with him and jumped over what looked like a 5,000ft. precipice. Actually there was a tiny plateau a few feet across some four yards down, and Mr. Spencer was able to rein in his animal in time.

TO revert to Miss French's wedding, one of her bridesmaids looked a trifle disconcerted at the fourth and last housewarming at the Dorchester Hotel to see that Miss Gipsy Lawrence, Sir Walter Lawrence's daughter, was wearing an exact replica of her bridesmaid's frock, except that it was currant-coloured instead of white, and had no sleeves. This party was the best I have been to for years, and went on until 3 a.m., when several of their guests, still wearing their wedding souvenir

A FIGHT ON THE HILL

Two of the cars competing in the third Grand Prix de Monaco struggling for the leadership on one of the many hills which had to be negotiated. The course proved a severe test of driving abilities



A BUGA

Cars lined up at the starting place for the third G in a victory for the famous French racing mo

Earl Howe, who, with Sir Henry Birkin and Mr. C. Penn Hughes, represented England in the third Grand Prix de Monaco. He drove a Bugatti in the contest

necklaces, went on to the Bat—among them Miss Margaret Whigham, most ubiquitous and tireless debutante of 1930.

BEFORE the party broke up, however, one saw Mrs. Peter Thursby, heavily sunburnt by her trip to Naples; the reunited Ward Twins; Percy Chapman, the cricketer, dancing with his wife; John van Druten, the dramatist, with Lily

THE VEXED QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE

NS I
de Monaco at Monte Carlo. The race resulted is Chiron, who was driving a Bugatti

Elsie; Dale Bourn with his hand in a glove; Babe Barnato with a table full of pretty women, including Clare Windsor; Miss Enid Raphael; the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan; Mr. Drury-Lowe, whose wife, the former Miss Rosemary Hope Vere, is not well, I am sorry to hear; Captain Gray-Horton, the ex-American Adjutant of the Scots Guards, and his wife, the former Miss Le Bas; and Captain Philip Astley.

THE party immediately preceding this one at the Dorchester Hotel was remarkably different in every way. It was full of dignity and diplomats, and a man from the Foreign Office had to be called in to give advice as to precedence. He told Sir Francis Towle, for example, that you always have to put a peeress on the right of an ambassador, and that, while Lord Lonsdale is No. 5,152 in Court precedence, Lord Derby is No. 5,002—points that had to be taken into account by Sir Francis Towle.

OUT of curiosity, I afterwards looked up the names of three guests taken at random from this party, to see their number in the precedence list, and discovered that while Sir Godfrey Thomas is No. 22,207, Lord Leigh is No. 13,158, and Lord Decies No. 13,126. The Duke of Norfolk, whom, however, I did not see, is No. 1,000, as befits the senior Duke, while Lady Lonsdale is No. 6,152.

IT reminds one of the American hostess who asked one of the attachés at the British Embassy in Paris as to the relative precedence of the Aga Khan and the Duke of Sutherland. The answer was, "The Aga Khan is considered by many to be God on earth, but an English duke takes precedence."

THE Lace Ball at the Dorchester last week gave the general public its first chance to sample the ballroom floor and have a look round the building. So great was the number of dancers present that it was impossible to seat everyone at supper at the same time, and many had to wait until the second "session" came round, somewhere about one-thirty in the morning, before they were able to sup.

OF all those present, both young and old, the most actively energetic person present was undoubtedly Lady Alexander, who was in charge of the little army of programme sellers. She *may* have sat down once or twice during the course of the evening, but I should not like to swear to it. She was here, there and everywhere, and as the evening waned she only waxed more and mere energetic.

A FEATURE of the special matinée at the London Hippodrome next week, which the Duchess of York has promised to attend, will be the revuette entitled *A Day in the Life of a Debutante*. The scenes will show

THE MOST TALKED-OF SKIRT OF THE YEAR

The Spanish lawn tennis star, Senorita Lili de Alvarez, wearing the divided skirt she has designed in order to secure greater freedom of movement on court. This skirt, which has created endless comment, may be seen on the Centre Court at Wimbledon now that the L.T.A. has removed the restrictions governing women's dress

A CHRISTENING AND AN ENGAGEMENT

simultaneously a debutante of, say, 1890 and 1931 as she might appear at different hours of the day, dressed for the early morning, riding, tennis, golf, Ascot, cocktails, evening, and bedtime; accompanied by a running commentary by Mr. Douglas Byng. Among those who have promised to take part are Miss Jan Ricardo, Mrs. Anthony Belleville, Miss Gladys Sammut, Miss Diana Fishwick, the Princess Bismarck, and Miss Eileen Bennett.

LORD SALISBURY and Lord Exeter, by becoming patrons of a pageant play to be given in Ipswich in June, have forged a most interesting link between the past and the present of a great family, for both are descendants of the great Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's chief Minister, who is one of the principal characters in this new play. It is by Mr. Lionel McColvin, and deals with one of the many plots by which Philip of Spain sought to place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne of England, and has the scare-title of *To Kill the Queen*.

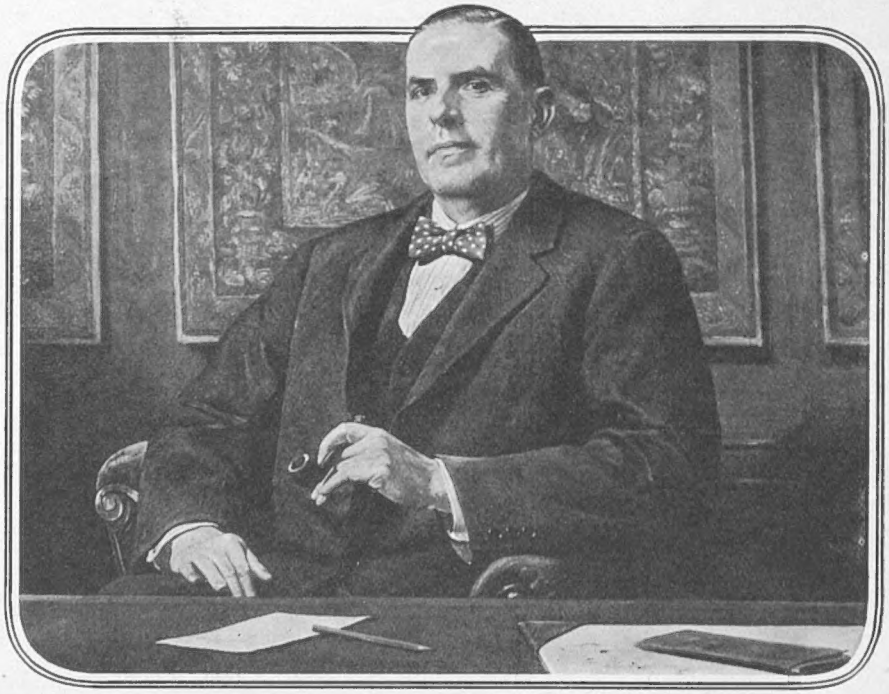
Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, with her little daughter, Jane. Lady Margaret and her sister, Lady Jean Mackintosh, had their children christened at a double baptismal service in Salisbury Cathedral recently

Lenare

MISS ENID MARY DOWSON

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dowson, of Woodborough Hall, Nottingham. Her engagement has been announced to Capt. Adair Murray, R.E., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, the only son of Colonel and Mrs. H. W. Murray, of Brooklyn, Sandling, Maidstone

LORD LONSDALE, Charles B. Cochran, Harry Preston, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Steve Donoghue, and Babe Barnato were all in the ringside seats at the Albert Hall for the prize fight last week organised by Jeff Dickson, who has just been given the Legion of Honour. So was Miss Margaret



The striking portrait of Sir Frederick Richmond, Bart., the Chairman of the famous house of Debenhams Ltd., which is hung in this year's Royal Academy. It is the work of Mr. Francis Dodd, A.R.A.

THE SUCCESS OF CIRO'S

Whigham, who is rapidly ousting Mr. Jim Lawrence from being the most peripatetic young person in Mayfair. The previous evening she had been at Jean Barry's farewell cocktail party, and later on at the Embassy. On the evening of the fight she went on to Ciro's, where I saw her again listening to Marion Harris at her debut there.

CIRO'S has not been so crowded for years. On this occasion there was no more dance space—large as the floor is—than you will find on a Thursday night in the season at the Embassy Club. Lord Westmorland, with his inevitable red carnation, Captain Tommy Graves, with his inevitable smile, and Mr. Charles B. Cochran were among those who listened and applauded alternately. Nobody had begun to move by 1.45 a.m., when I left, although dance clubs and restaurants are usually almost empty, if not completely so, by that time. Ciro's has come back into fashion again with a vengeance.

THE LATE VICEROY'S FILM FRIEND

Lord and Lady Irwin with Douglas Fairbanks, the famous film star, whom they entertained to lurich during his holiday in India where he indulged in a lot of big game shooting and bagged his first tiger. Rumours concerning the matrimonial difficulties between "Doug" and his wife, Mary Pickford, have been growing apace lately

LADY WIGRAM *Pearl Freeman*

The wife of Colonel Sir Clive Wigram, who has been appointed Private Secretary to the King in place of the late Lord Stamfordham. She is the daughter of Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain

HAVE you eaten your first plover's egg of the season yet? I have; and five others were given me by a charming maître d'hôtel, whose name, however, I had better not mention, in view of the fact that, though they were a free gift and not "exposed for sale," the law is very sticky about plover eggs. I may add that the gift gave me a brand new simile for extravagance, for when I passed on two of them to a friend of mine she ate

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

QUEEN'S ORB ran wonderfully well to secure a place after a slow beginning at Epsom. Was heavily backed by commissions returning from town. Will win a sprint race.

AYLESBURY was a costly failure at Lingfield and Epsom. Free-actioned plater and was always with the leaders. Losses should be recovered.

PARCHMENT II, a vastly improved youngster, appeared to win his race at Epsom on merit, only to forfeit the spoils in the objection room. Carried big money.

SOL DE TERRE was confidently expected to win the "City." Would certainly have been placed but for getting baulked. Will prove a money spinner.

RUSTLER in a thrilling bout found a neck verdict against him at Pontefract. Was backed at 10 to 1 down to 3 to 1. One to follow in the North.

POLAR BEAR was unlucky at Epsom. Follow at Newmarket and Chester. The Chester course should suit him.

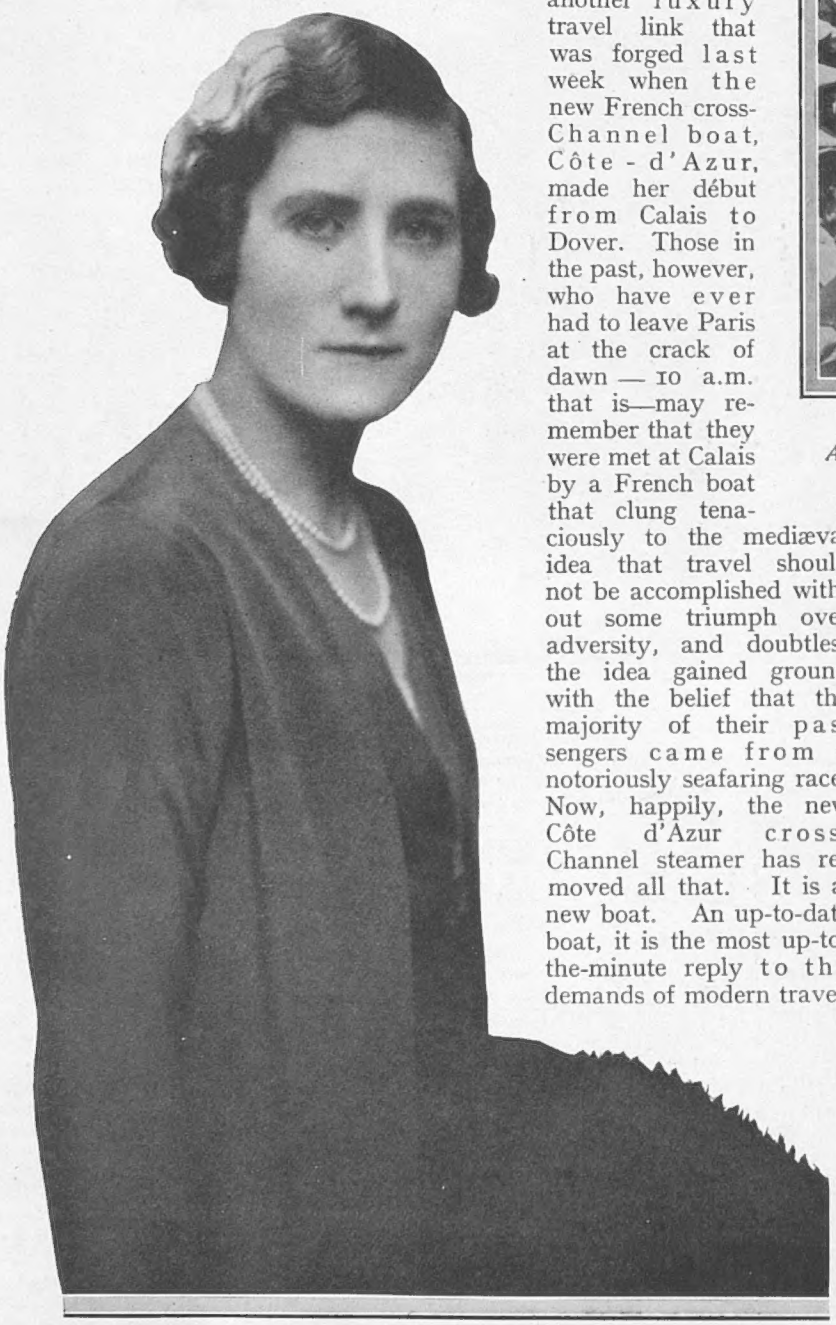
THE RETURN OF THE TANGO

the yolk and left the rest. Can you imagine anything more extravagant?

WILL the Tango return? With Argentina coming over to give recitals at the London Pavilion, and with a new young Spanish dancer at the Piccadilly Hotel this week, it probably will, in a simplified form. This is specially likely in view of the limelight that is now being thrown on everything Spanish. Besides, the Prince of Wales has been dancing it in South America.

THE Tango achieved a great measure of popularity in dancing circles over here some years ago when it was introduced in a modified form. Although its popularity has waned since then, it still has its devotees, and it is by no means only young people who dance it.

THOSE who have ever got up early in Paris —and it has been known —will embrace with both hands, as the French would say, another luxury travel link that was forged last week when the new French cross-Channel boat, Côte-d'Azur, made her début from Calais to Dover. Those in the past, however, who have ever had to leave Paris at the crack of dawn — 10 a.m. that is—may remember that they were met at Calais by a French boat that clung tenaciously to the mediæval idea that travel should not be accomplished without some triumph over adversity, and doubtless the idea gained ground with the belief that the majority of their passengers came from a notoriously seafaring race. Now, happily, the new Côte d'Azur cross-Channel steamer has removed all that. It is a new boat. An up-to-date boat, it is the most up-to-the-minute reply to the demands of modern travel.



Lenare

MISS NANCY LONGSDON

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Edgar P. Barker, the second son of Colonel and Mrs. Barker, of Stanlake Park, Twyford, Berkshire. She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred A. Longsdon and of Mrs. Washington Singer, of Norman Court, Salisbury

BARCELONA GOE

A scene in one of the public parks of Barcelona during the widespread jubilation Fandangoes and frolics being exhausted, the Spaniards are now face

Lord Stonehaven, the new Chairman of the Conservative Party. Before his elevation to the Peerage in 1925 he represented Rugby, and, later, Ayr, and was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth of Australia from 1925 to 1930

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT IN PARIS

...h marked the overthrow of the Monarchy in Spain. ...problems awaiting them under the newest Republic

THE general arrangement of the new Côte d'Azur is on the lines of the splendid boats of the Southern Railway, but with the internal decoration there has been a break from tradition, and modernity has been allowed to show itself in the sequence of panelling in a variety of polished woods. In the private cabins the walls are covered with delightfully vivid and original cretonnes, though the colours are not, perhaps, best calculated to appease any untoward feelings set up by a rough sea!

THOUGH the Côte d'Azur was laid down in dockyards at Havre, we notice with pride the sterling workmanship of Sir Archibald Denny, of shipbuilding fame, and in the fitments the names of Doulton and Twyfords are to be observed, confounding the pessimist with the assurance that, despite Free Trade, we still hold our own in some of the world's markets. With its comfort and speed the Côte d'Azur now brings its service into line with the high standard set by the Southern Railway and the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and its owners are to be congratulated. Really, the travelling public are so spoilt these days that the railways and ships will have to stage a rough ride now and then just to remind them how much has been done in the past on their behalf!

Kay Vaughan

A recent portrait of Mrs. F. C. Shelmerdine, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine, O.B.E., the Director of Civil Aviation. She is a very good shot, having done a considerable amount of big game shooting, and has travelled extensively

AFTER the Côte d'Azur—Paris, and Paris is becoming almost French, despite the King of Spain. Twice in half an hour there was (1) a liftman who had to admit he did not know English, and (2) one of the more gorgeously attired members of the hotel staff confessed he spoke French only! At that rate we may have some Americans in London this summer if this language problem becomes more acute.

AH! but the freedom of Paris, just that boyish irresponsibility at the thought that you will not appear in the police court next morning for ordering a glass of beer after midnight. And Le Lido, with its swimming pool on one side, its dance floor on the other, people actually swimming as late as midnight, and a Venetian cabaret in gondolas . . . what a horrible failure it would be if it were to be transferred to this London of ours! Yet there was a man at the Lido bar who envied us here in London. He said: "Aw, I'd like to go back. Yes, I would. It's not so bad. I know you can't do what you want when you want to. But, you know, night after night, you get sick of this, but you can't stop. Fancy being able to go quietly to bed at eleven. . . . It would be grand!" J. G.

Mr. Lionel Ellis, who won a scholarship from the Plymouth School of Art to the Royal College of Art, supplemented his £60 a year grant by showing his pictures in Trafalgar Square. He is now holding an exhibition at the Redfern Galleries

Pearl Freeman

MISS FLORENCE ANNE CHICHESTER

The daughter of Capt. C. G. Chichester, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Chichester, of Marston Manor, Marston Magna, Somerset. She is engaged to Mr. T. A. Brocklebank, the famous rowing Blue, who stroked the Cambridge crews for the last three years

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello, hello, Baa. . . . Don't be cross! . . . Not another cook. . . . I am sorry . . . but let us all take a lesson from the King of Spain. . . . I have never seen anyone so cheerful and brave in the face of so much trouble . . . an example to some of our gloomy politicians, who damp the spirits of any gathering they attend. . . . Personally I find gloomy, sad or bored people most difficult companions, but I believe there is a great attraction in tear-filled eyes . . . as long as they don't make the nose red. . . . Oonagh Kindersley always looks happy, and Bridget Paget invariably sad. . . .

* * *

I HAVE never seen Bunting Stephenson, Lois Morgan or Lili de Alvarez without a smile . . . anyway in public . . . but in contrast to such joyousness there are . . . Portia Stanley, Audrey Hay and Gladys Jessel . . . beautiful but apparently triste. . . .

* * *

IF I had a daughter I should bring her up to return hospitality by appearing to be entertained, however diffident her dinner partner. . . . Nothing is more depressing than for a hostess to see her guests sitting silent and smileless. . . . Did you hear about the hostess who, finding her party . . . the other night . . . sticky, to say the least of it . . . was taken suddenly ill . . . unfortunately to be "caught" several hours later . . . by some of the party in question . . . dancing with a charming cavalier at a small but amusing night club? . . .

* * *

LADY FURNESS started a new fashion at the Dorchester Hotel the other night . . . she discarded earrings and wore two huge golden pearls on combs placed in her hair at the nape of her neck . . . it was most attractive and unusual. . . . The Café Anglais is so packed, thanks to Douglas Byng, that dancing there is becoming a legend. . . . I wonder if the new river club at Datchet will be as amusing? . . . I see the members' list is assuming gigantic proportions, and that, headed by the Duke of Gloucester, it is a complete Debrett. . . . Poulsen is a very clever man and is quite unspoilt by his success. . . . Lady Curzon of Kedleston looked magnificent at Epsom last week in green with a huge fur collar. I think she is one of the best-dressed women in London . . . she is always beautifully turned-out . . . in the evening she usually wears white, which is a wonderful background for her marvellous pearls. . . . I like Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger in white, and Gladys Pearson . . . or would you rather I said Cooper? . . . looks her loveliest dressed in it. . . . Gladys is not quite so thin, I am glad to see; she got so maigre that one hardly recognised her. . . . Evelyn Laye, who confesses that C. B. Cochran made her bant, is perfect now. . . .

* * *

OSTRICH feathers are returning to favour, and will doubtless grow larger and larger until they hold their own as in Edwardian days . . . at the moment they are tiny . . . just miniatures of themselves, and curl over the ear or nestle at one's neck . . . flowers are to be completely supplanted in summer millinery. . . .

* * *

IT is strange how, if two people are dressed alike, they often look alike. I saw Baby Jungman and Serena James at the Café Anglais last week . . . in different parties but robed exactly the same in black dresses and black velvet coats with narrow ermine collars. . . . They both have lovely fair hair and perfect complexions and very sweet expressions . . . and might easily have been sisters. . . . Have you heard about the lovely lady who listened in to a telephone conversation . . . and has now accused her best friend and her boy friend of . . . well, several things! . . . The triangle is now divided! . . .

* * *

THE debutantes are billed as working very hard for the matinée which the Duchess of York is to attend . . . but I notice they are mostly last year's batch . . . this year's are still too nervous to appear on the Hippodrome stage. . . . The scena, *A Day in the Life of a Debutante,* should be amusing, as "Oggie" Lynn and Douglas Byng are producing it. . . .

* * *

I MUST fly now, Baa, darling . . . literally. . . . I am off to Paris . . . for clothes and cosmetics. . . . A bientôt! . . . I'll tell you all the gossip when I return, and, believe me, there is some in the gay capital at the moment. . . .

Lenare

A SCION OF THE BUCCLEUCHS

Miss Patricia Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott and a niece of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, whose engagement has been announced. Her fiancé is Capt. Walter Douglas Faulkner, M.C., Irish Guards

AT THE PLAY

ALL ABROAD AND ALL

SKETCHES OF "THE CHURCH MOUSE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE BY H. H. HARRIS

The Church Mouse, Susie Sachs (Leonora Bonda), forces her way into the office of Baron Ullrich (Gerald du Maurier), President of the Vienna Universal Bank

"The Church Mouse," at the Playhouse

IF the president of the Vienna Universal Bank is typical of those in Austria I tremble for their security, for Baron Ullrich, the president in question, returning from America, has not been in his office ten minutes before risking umpteen millions in a speculation in oil, a course of conduct regarded with satisfaction by the staff, who joyfully remark that now the president has returned the bank will start making money again!

BUT this is not the only form of speculation in which Baron Ullrich indulges. Discovering that his secretary, Olly Frey, is the world's worst dud at shorthand, he dismisses her, but, being fair to look upon, he thinks she might be useful elsewhere, and at once re-engages her in another capacity. He may no longer be her master in the office, but he believes she will make a most efficient mistress in the ideal home. This re-engagement is quite to the taste of a young woman who, with a yearning look in her eyes, tells her boss that the scent she uses is Nuit d'Amour!

HER place in the office is taken by Susie Sachs, also a good-looker, but, in addition, one of those devastatingly capable young women whose business value is greater than that of rubies, as is seen when work is for a time transferred to Paris. Susie is indeed the right girl in the right place, but the Baron, with a disregard for the interests of the bank which is really reprehensible, finds her good to look upon when inside an evening frock which she says she bought at the Louvre for 400 francs, a statement flatly contradicted by the programme.

SUSIE, being something more than a business woman, manages to keep at arm's distance the fair Olly Frey (who by now has lost the Baron but is most anxious to get him back) until such time as Susie captures for herself in the toils of matrimony the middle-aged Lothario whose disdain for the bank's efficiency should make the shareholders, as in the old story, wish that though their president was Baron, as was his father and grandfather before him, it was a pity his mother wasn't!

THIS play, adapted from the Austrian by Benn W. Levy and called *The Church Mouse,* is almost as thin as a skeleton, but even so I should hesitate to say that the phrase "as poor as a church mouse" would have, in future, for me a double significance.

A NEWCOMER from abroad, Leonora Bonda, plays the efficient secretary with cleverness and charm. The one who was fired from the office by a chief aflame is very cleverly played by Sunday Wilshin, who combines good looks with intelligence. Sir Gerald du Maurier plays the bold, bad Baron with the lightest of touches, and H. R. Hignett as a clerk, and Spencer Trevor as an elderly roué, contribute neat character sketches.

BY the way, I hear that at long last Sir Gerald will, in due course, go on tour in the provinces. He thus follows in the footsteps of his co-manager, Gladys Cooper, who has

The Church Mouse (Leonora Bonda), as bold as a [illegible] (Gerald du Maurier), returns after a night out

ABOARD

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

doubtless told him that, for the "star," London is not the only place where shekels can be picked up.

"Mr. Faint-Heart," at the Shaftesbury Theatre

IAN HAY has a big following. His plays are so entirely innocuous that not only the laity but the clergy see them, knowing full well that the blush of shame will never mantle their cheeks. This author's motto is, "Be as funny as you can—but keep it clean."

NOT a bad motto either, even though, with limits so strictly circumscribed, the fun, on occasions, gets just a little samely. Luckily, in his new play, *Mr. Faint-Heart,* he keeps most of his plums for the last act, where we first see a best-seller novelist, having just completed another magnum opus which he himself would designate as tripe, lifting up the play to a much more virile and entertaining level. Clive Currie plays this part, and his belated appearance was more than welcome. What a good actor he is!

The meeting of the Secretary Birds, Susie Sachs (Leonora Bonda) and Olly Frey (Sunday Wilshin)

after celebrating the successful deal in oils of the Baron does another of the staff, Schunzl (H. R. Hignett)

AND how Marie Löhr, as his wife, with a dignified sense of humour and perfect delivery of some good dialogue, holds together the earlier acts—acts which are made more entertaining by two clever character sketches by S. Victor Stanley and Ivy des Vœux of an elderly Manchester couple.

ALL these characters are on a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean, which, as represented on a back cloth, recalls vividly Coleridge's line about "a painted ocean." Some bright young people make a background for the two principals, who fall in love with each other. Both flatter themselves to deceive. The one pretending to be the best-selling novelist who travels under an assumed name, and the other, a typist, claiming "county" birth. These parts are played pleasantly by Basil Foster and Jane Baxter, but the former, who has been given a stutter, has difficulty in not making it wearisome before the curtain finally falls.

"Black Coffee," at the St. Martin's

AGATHA CHRISTIE, scorning secret doors, hidden passages and all the usual mechanical clap-trap of the stage thriller, gives us, in *Black Coffee,* a chance to work out for ourselves who is the villain of the piece by the use of pure reason. That nearly everyone fails to do so is a tribute to the skilful way she handles her story, for she puts all her cards on the table and plays fair with her audience. The Hercule Poirot of Francis Sullivan is by no means the flamboyant mercurial being created by Charles Laughton in *Alibi,* but proves all the more convincing for that very reason. Josephine Middleton, Renée Gadd, Jane Millican and Roland Culver are others who give no grounds for complaint in *Black Coffee.*

The comedy is preceded by Gillie Potter doing an amusing single turn

PARIS GOSSIP

BYSTANDERS ON THE RIVIERA

Wing-Commander and Mrs. E. G. Oakley-Beuttler enjoying the Riviera sunshine at Cannes. Very well known as a humorous artist on naval affairs, Wing-Commander Oakley-Beuttler has frequently contributed drawings to "The Bystander"

BYSTANDERS ON THE RIVIERA

Aperitif-time at the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo. The group in the right foreground shows Mr. W. A. Hiatt, who looks after Mr. Frank Jay Gould's interests and often contributes to "The Bystander," a member of "The Bystander" staff and Miss Norma Cave

ROYAL EXILES AND MARRIAGE EXCITEMENTS — By Sylvia Lyon

ON the unforgettable morning when the Queen of Spain arrived with her children, the Empress Zita was at the Gare d'Orsay to meet Her Majesty. Later in the day the Prince Sixte de Bourbon de Parme told me that his sister, the Empress Zita, had come to greet the Queen of Spain, to offer her sympathy, and had taken the twelve o'clock train back to Brussels. It was the King of Spain, Prince Sixte said, who had been the first to offer hospitality to the exiled Empress after the death of her husband in Madeira, and it was in the palace of El Prado, which he placed at her disposal, that her youngest child was born. And this is the palace that has been the first to be confiscated by the new Spanish Government. There is no doubt that the Queen of the Belgians' short stay in Paris was to offer an asylum to the Royal Family.

THAT night, following the arrival of King Alfonso, the cheering was so tremendous that the Sovereigns had to appear on the balcony in reply to the crowd's demands. Later a member of their suite had to appear, his hand raised to his lips, to ask them to be quiet; the King's son was ill. It was only then the crowd dispersed, with more sympathy than ever. The Prince of the Asturias has had a high fever ever since their arrival in France, and although he had to be carried from the train on a stretcher it was not because of the illness from which he has suffered for so long. He has been definitely cured of that; the truth is that just before the Royal Family left Madrid the heir to the throne broke his leg while out hunting.

THE other day King Alfonso, while studying the newspapers, remarked, "We are no longer making history; we are reading it."

MARY McCORMIC

The well-known operatic singer who was recently married to Prince Serge Mdivani, the former husband of Pola Negri. It is satisfactory to note that "The Bystander's" somewhat premature announcement of their engagement has now passed into the realms of publicly known fact

And this is a little bit of history as I saw it, so it is no wonder that the Spanish Royal Family are seeking a more quiet retreat at the Hôtel de Savoie at Fontainebleau.

There is a hushed excitement in the hotel. Over in the corner Don Jaime, the second son, has come downstairs and is having tea with three young Argentines, a boy and two girls. The Infanta Cristina enters from the Rivoli side with her young cousin, Don Alfonso d'Orleans, who lives near by at the Lotti. "He is so handsome," remarks my companion with Anglo-Saxon complacency, "that he might be English." They take the lift, shaped like an ancient carrosserie, and go upstairs. Quinones de Leon, until recently the doyen of the diplo-

The Crown Prince and Princess of Italy photographed [illegible] They are seen landing at Pontibe, wh[illegible]

matic corps, enters from the Mont Tabor side, he glances at Don Jaime in the corner, passes by my table, looks at me, then unfortunately at the whisky and soda (not mine) on the table, and then at me again, this time with a vague disapproval. He goes upstairs. Don Jaime has now finished tea. He passes by our table. My companion, responsible for the whisky and soda, rises and asks him in English if his father is leaving. Don Jaime answers in French, "Je ne sais pas." He uncannily resembles his father and has the same smile. In the hall he gracefully bows and kisses the hands of two ladies and runs up the stairs, two steps at a time. Don Gonzales, the youngest son, comes home and takes the lift. He is too young to sense the tragedy of what has happened. He has been wide-eyed with excitement since his arrival, and can only marvel at being in Paris, his first visit here.

S

AND so they have married! Over a year and a half ago I stated in THE BYSTANDER that Mary McCormic, the Chicago and Opéra Comique singer, was said to be more or less engaged to Prince Serge Mdivani. A few days previously I had met Serge in the Champs Elysées and had said, "I see by the papers that you are engaged to Mary McCormic." "I have also read that," answered Serge. "but certain documents are lacking; I have not yet been served with divorce papers by Pola."

MARY MCCORMIC, you see, while having told the Press that she was going to marry Serge Mdivani, make him change his name to McDivan and settle down on a Texas farm and raise a family, for some reason or other resented my few words in THE BYSTANDER, perhaps because the lines were so few. . . . Miss McCormic issued a writ for libel on the grounds that, by stating "more or less engaged", I implied something improper. I was astonished . . . honi soit qui mal y pense. My mind may be illegal but it is not evil—that is, not always. I protested, naturally, to the entire Mdivani family, whom I have known intimately for years, and it was said that Miss McCormic would return the cheque. But a cheque in the hand is worth much in a rush, and she never did return it. She returned, though, to America, for by that time Pola Negri, hearing that her husband was to marry Mary McCormic, rushed back to Paris and offered a reconciliation instead of divorce papers. But the newly reconstructed ménage was not successful. Pola Negri left for England. Mary McCormic from Chicago announced the engagement once more. In haste she sailed for Paris, and in equal haste Serge sailed for Hollywood. In Hollywood he joined his younger brother David. Mary McCormic, nothing daunted, turned about and went to Hollywood too, and again announced their forthcoming marriage, but this time had waited until Pola Negri was awarded a divorce in the courts of Paris. S. L.

P. and A.

Maria del Pilar, whose Spanish dances have created a big sensation in Paris, where she has been appearing at the Lido Club. In private life she is Miss Joan Keena, being the daughter of the American Consul-General in Paris, and her debut was sponsored by the American colony

Keystone

An Oriental dancer whose work has drawn large crowds to the Lido Club in Paris. She is Ish-van-pool-Banoo, who was one of the most famous dancers in India, where she had appeared before most of the great native rulers of her country

Photopress

during the Tripoli visit on which they embarked recently. they were accorded a great welcome

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

"KIM" writes on WOMAN, THE ENIGMA

This is the concluding article of a series which has created exceptional interest. The previous articles were contributed by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Miss Ethel Mannin, Mr. Collinson Owen, Miss Daphne du Maurier, Mr. Philip Page, Lady Terrington, and Lady (Hamilton) Grant, in our issues of March 11, 18, 25, April 1, 8, 15 and 22. Back numbers are obtainable from The Publishers, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, at 1s. 2d. post free.

ONE truth about a woman is that she doesn't really know her own mind—I mean, of course, about those things that interest the man. She is certain enough if her frock suits her or if her hair and complexion are right. She is certain enough that the silly simp who has fallen into her clutches is captured all right, although she knows quite well that if she sets her mind to it, and is confident enough of her armoury of enchantments, it is easy to capture the male, but difficult to keep him. In other matters generally woman is not nearly so sure of herself as she likes to pretend. She has no set rules on what I might term ethics. If the law does not suit her, she gaily repudiates it, as she will any other obligation when it is inconvenient. How many women will refuse to cheat because it is not an honourable thing? Some, but not many. On the other hand, when a woman loves, that is something precious. It is the purest and most flawless jewel of human nature. Nearly every woman will gladly die for love, though very few men, and then only those who are mentally deranged.

WOMEN in love are remorseless towards any who cross their path. Then, all their accumulated life's training goes by the board in one fell swoop. A woman whose love is crossed can become considerably nearer an infuriated tigress than an angel, and it is woman whose emotions of love, as some psychologist has said, are akin to hate, can hate the man on whom she has lavished her affections with all the ardour of savage passion. Women are not moral at heart, of course, and there I agree with Miss Mannin and Miss du Maurier. That is to say, au fond they are not moral, though it is important for them to maintain the illusion that they are. I have often wondered when I have seen the middle-aged wife of a respectable middle-class man frown disapprovingly at the modern girl, whom she regards as a minx, whether, deep in her heart, if some romance came her way, she would not grasp it in both hands. As woman is practical—she is the practical sex—probably she would examine the pros and cons with a cool, deadly, analytical eye; but if she thought it would turn out right, not many would be restrained by any principle of decorum. Women aim at marriage because it gives them a career, a position, and security; but how many women to-day will refuse to live with a man without marriage provided she believes the man is in love with her?

NO woman is so old that she cannot believe it possible some man may offer her a romance. Ah, you adorable, romantic, inconsequential, and hard sex, so generous and yet so cruel, so self-sacrificing and yet so mean! Pandora, with her beauty and her lack of a soul, was devised by someone who understood feminine psychology, for there are Pandoras everywhere.

WOMAN, functioning in the way she was designed by Providence (some say the Devil!), is one thing—I mean "Woman, source of all our bliss," etc., as immortalised by the poets through the ages—woman allowed to jostle with man and attempting to meet him on equal terms in the world of commerce, in the professions, and in the political field, is quite another. It is no good when women assert that they are able to equal men if they are given the chance, for the simple reason that they are non-creative in all matters but the greatest of all. With one or two exceptions, such as Lady Butler and Dame Laura Knight, no woman artist has ever showed virility, no poetess has ever been more than pretty-pretty or nasty, no woman novelist has been able to rise to great heights. In the realm of law a few women have been called to the Bar; but, though they are given every consideration, either in practice in chambers or in Court, they are not a success, and the same thing applies to politics. There is not a single woman Member of Parliament, with the possible exception of the Duchess of Atholl, who is worth her seat. They are either petulant or impertinent or insignificant. They are apparently incapable of taking a long view, and their minds run on a very circumscribed orbit.

THIS is quite an important matter, and I must say a little more about it. Woman is an individualist, and as such is rarely able to generalise or to judge subjects from other than an individualistic attitude. If, say, her husband is too fond of alcohol, she is quite likely to want Prohibition for the nation. If she thinks she might have to pay more for silk stockings under a Conservative policy of Protection than under the present method of Free Trade, she is quite likely to vote for Free Trade and let all the rest go hang.

IT is a sign of the intellectual degeneracy of our age that we have given political power in the hands of women. They outnumber the men, and so we have the strange spectacle of a great inchoate Empire, where a stern and dominating hand is wanted at its heart, controlled by the preponderating vote of woman if she chooses to exert it. To have extended the female vote as did Mr. Baldwin proved him a poor psychologist, for such an act could only be for the benefit of the demagogue. The French understand women far better than the British. They concede to woman all the foibles dear to her heart, but they keep her out of politics, and hence their politics to-day are more stable than ours.

IN matters other than of the heart, of dress, of the home and family, women are not really grown up. They never will grow up. Men don't want them grown up, and they themselves prefer to be more or less children. Watch the average woman cross a street and you realise at once that she is a child. Watch her walk along the pavement, vacillating, on the wrong side. Watch her at a station buying a ticket, always getting change and invariably asking a lot of needless questions. Heaven save you if a woman is driving a car and an emergency arises. At all events, not one woman in fifty is fit to drive a car, and the one is probably a reckless driver who will pass you over a blind rise or round a blind corner.

STILL . . . these are some of the foibles which enable us to think ourselves still supreme in the give and take of life's problems. Woman, dominated, elevated, and also handicapped by her sex, remains the great enigma, so alike in much, so individualist in herself. That, added to her beauty, her charm, her daintiness, and her sex-appeal, makes her the goal of all our efforts, the aim of all our desires. After all, her aim is to make us love her, and only a fool eschews love.

"KIM."

BY HENDY

TAXI-DRIVER: "*I thought the lady said 'stop'*"
FARE: "*You go on. She wasn't talking to you!*"

If Gossip We Must

By Vera Truman

"—and since then, Mrs. Hornibrook, women have meant nothing to me!"

It may be presumed that King Alfonso regrets leaving his throne, but he can hardly regret leaving his throne-room. I was in Madrid for a week or so last August—the rumblings of revolution were heard even then, sudden though the denouement was—and spent a warm afternoon in the Royal Palace. Owing to a little discreet "wangling," I was able to see parts of that vast building which are, or were, closed to the general public. The King's private apartments have none of the pokiness of the private apartments of Versailles, where poor Marie Antoinette strove to escape from the dreary splendour of State functions. They are small but airy and cheerful—rather like a suite in a first-class hotel. In one room I noticed boxes of cigarettes stored—scores of them, each containing 100. And by the King's bed was an electric torch.

Janet Jevons

VERA BRYER

Who is playing lead in "The Millionaire Kid," the new musical show which opened at the Wimbledon Theatre this week. After a try-out in the Provinces it will come to the West End, where it will be housed at the Gaiety Theatre

But that throne room! I have heard people call it beautiful. If puce walls, nasty statues of porphyry, red plush, and badly proportioned gilt lions are beautiful, then beautiful it is. I have seen only one room that, to my mind, looks worse (and it is rather like it)—the drawing-room of a multi-millionaire with sporting tastes not a hundred miles from Reading. On one of the thrones that afternoon (the Royal family were away at Santander) was a patent electric sweeper. Well, a good deal more than dust has been swept away from Spain since then.

The British Press have treated the fall of Alfonso in friendly and dignified fashion, and even the Labour organ refrained from being cock-a-whoop. That is largely because we know the Spanish King as a sportsman and a brave man rather than a Bourbon with a taste for mixing himself up with a dictatorship. His family, too, are immensely popular in London, particularly the two princesses. These girls—neither exactly pretty, but both distinguished-looking and very, very charming—made themselves much liked during their stay over here last November, when they did everything—from cinemas to the Cenotaph service. Their particular joy is to go to matinées with their cousin, Princess Marie Louise, whom they call "Tanty Marie" and adore. The three go off together quite informally, queue up at the box office, and have even been known to patronise the homely pit.

The Scotch are supposed to have no sense of humour, though most of those I have met I have found to be full of it. That of the Prime Minister—Ramsay of Lossiemouth—is so well developed and so subtle that I must confess that his latest exhibition of it is completely beyond me. Ramsay told a West Bromwich gathering that Liberals who voted with the Conservatives against the Government during the vote-of-censure division had in their pockets definite assurances that their seats would not be contested by the Conservatives at the next General Election. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the Con-

P. and A.

Miss Dorothy Towle (left), the daughter of Sir Francis Towle, the chief of the Dorchester Hotel, helping to arrange the spacious bedrooms in this new hotel in Park Lane. She is responsible for the furnishing of nearly three thousand bedrooms in the Gordon group, where thousands of pounds are spent yearly on the replacement of linen

servative Central Office denied this. The Prime Minister's reply to this was that the statement was intended to be "satirical." "It was used half-humorously," runs his explanation, "and the audience, appreciating the joke, greeted the suggestion with laughter." I congratulate Mr. MacDonald and his West Bromwich Socialists on being, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, so easily amused.

Keystone

A scene in one of the linen rooms at the Dorchester Hotel. Miss Towle (right) is seen supervising the checking of the linen for the bedrooms. Over seven thousand pieces are issued daily

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. KEMP WELCH

The famous Society beauty specialist, who is in charge of the beauty parlour in the newly opened Dorchester Hotel. She runs the "Powder Box" establishment in New Bond Street

No one who promenades the Park can fail to notice the striking exterior of the new Dorchester Hotel, which adds a fresh note to the varied architecture to be seen in Park Lane, while the public, to whom it is now open after a prolonged bout of preliminary hospitality in private, can see for themselves that it is "all glorious within."

I am glad to note that a special point has been made of peace and tranquillity. I have stayed in good hotels and bad hotels, but never yet have I slept in a really quiet hotel. If the Dorchester Hotel lives up to its claims in this respect, as I have no doubt it does, its advent will be more than justified. It has been officially explained that silence is secured by means of compressed seaweed placed between the floors. Many hotels place this material in the cigar department.

I am glad the Sunday Cinemas Bill has been passed, not because it is a good Bill (for, as I indicated last week, it is one of the unfairest, rottenest pieces of social prejudice it could be possible to put together) but because it is a bid for freedom of a sort, and I

welcome any measure that enables people to regain some part of the liberty which generations of grandmotherly busybodies have filched from them.

Most heartily do I agree with Sir Alfred Butt (who, by the way, opposed the Bill) about the injustice and absurdity of allowing the cinemas to remain open and the theatres closed.

Photopress

Editor Edgar Wallace, looking every inch the compleat journalist, in his room at the offices of the Sunday newspaper edited by him. As he has tendered his resignation as prospective Liberal candidate for the Mid-Bucks Division, it would seem that the calls of the Fourth Estate are too insistent to be denied

Lolita Benavente, the brilliant South American singer and dancer, who is now appearing in the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel. With the return of the Prince of Wales, the popularity of the tango will probably be greatly enhanced, and she is doing much to bring South American dances into popular favour

The former have broken the law for sixteen years and are rewarded for that behaviour by being allowed to do precisely the same thing with legal protection. The theatres have observed the law and are rewarded by being told to go on observing it and to watch, with what appetite they may, their rivals taking much of the money that might have accrued to them.

IN no other country in the world but our own could such a preposterous situation have arisen. On the one side prejudice and Puritanism; on the other a desire to penalise what is primarily a British industry in order that a few more million pounds shall go from British pockets into what is primarily an American one. "Up with Hollywood and down with Stratford-on-Avon!" is the motto.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP in the House of Commons debate was really priceless. He opposed the Bill, not because of its manifest unfairness, but because it "created a base for further invasion of the sanctity of the Sabbath." That is a legitimate view, though a selfish and pig-headed one. But Sir Thomas went on to talk of "cherishing, *at some inconvenience*, a sacred day." Would he suffer any personal inconvenience through cinemas being closed on Sundays because of the labour they involve? Does Sir Thomas on Sundays get his own breakfast, make his own bed, and polish his own shoes? If he answers "Yes," I will believe more in his sincerity and think less of Messrs. Stiggins and Pecksniff.

WHEN I have been abroad for a few weeks I almost invariably return to London to find an atmosphere of bills, income tax, unanswered letters, missed opportunities, rain, closing time, and general agitation. This is not an indictment of England, which the foreign visitor, with no ties and responsibilities on this side of the Channel, will find quite a pleasant place on the whole. It is due to the conviction, borne out by fact and experience, that directly one takes one's hand from the tiller the ship goes on the rocks with a bump. . . . We most of us know that feeling as the boat-train slowly draws into Victoria. . . .

BUT there are others whom a return to England impresses differently. A politically minded friend of mine, for instance. He left London just after the exciting St. George's election. He was almost persuaded

BY BERTRAM PRANCE

FRIEND: "What kind of ball was it?"
CADDIE (*butting in*): "A brand new one, sir. Never bin prop'ly 'it yet!"

Janet Jevons

"THAT CERTAIN TRIO"

William Walker (left), Peggy Cochrane and Patrick Waddington, who, as "That Certain Trio," have proved such a big success in cabaret in the West End and are now appearing at the May Fair Hotel. "The Bystander" was the first paper to draw attention to the great merit of this clever turn

to become a Baldwinite by the way Mr. Baldwin suddenly roused himself and delivered a slashing and vigorous attack on Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. It was not the fact that he thought those gentlemen should be attacked that weighed with him so much as the vigour of the onslaught. "Here, after all," he said, "is a man with backbone, who can fight. It may take a long time to get Baldwin going, but when he does start things move. Splendid!"

S

My friend's first thought on reaching England was to search about for evidence of what Mr. Baldwin had done or said since that speech of weeks ago. The answer, of course, was nothing. Things hadn't moved. Mr. Baldwin, like the soldier in Shakespeare's "Queen Mab" speech, had just "roared out an oath or two —and dreamed again." It was a good effort but, it seems, a solitary one. If only Mr. Baldwin would make as strenuous an effort in attacking the Socialist Government as he did in trouncing the recalcitrant members of his own party all might yet be well. But at present he is not even doing that. As old Wardell used to say, "Damn that boy, he's asleep again!"

S

It seems fairly certain that there is not the money about for luxury spending that there was a few months ago. There is no more firmly established resort of the jeunesse dorée than Buck's Club. Yet Captain Buckmaster informs me that the 12th anniversary Buck's Club dinner, dance, and cabaret, fixed for May 18, has been cancelled for lack of support. Such an unusual state of affairs would never have arisen six months ago. Yes, money *is* tight.

Janet Jevons

Kathleen Burgess and Patrick Waddington in a scene from the highly successful revival of "The Belle of New York" at Daly's. The singing of Mr. Waddington, who constitutes thirty-three and a third per cent. of "That Certain Trio," is a great feature of this popular old musical comedy

HOLLYWOOD TACT!

King Alfonso has been invited to take the leading part in a cinema record depicting episodes from his "colourful career," and portraying historic events which have befallen the "brilliant and virile Bourbon dynasty."

The proposal has been cabled to the King by Syd Grauman, the showman.—Reuter.

WHO is the man who's simply packed
Chock full of courtesy and tact,
The sort of lad whose every act
In reticence is hid?
Who spurns to profit by the fate
That sometimes overtakes the great?
I do not hesitate to state,
It's Syd!

Who scorns to exploit Royalty
By offering them £ s. d.
To star in films that all may see
The regal things they did?
Who chooses for his battle-cry,
"Art for Art's sake until I die,
And hang opportunism?" Why,
It's Syd!

His offer to the King of Spain
Proves Syd's ideals are not all vain,
In fact, it's very, very plain
He's just a modest kid.
But what Alfonso said the day
That Grauman's offer came his way—
Well, I am truly glad to say,
It's hid!

B. W.

LORNA HUBBARD

The nineteen-year-old actress who has scored a very big personal success in the revival of "The Belle of New York" at Daly's Theatre. Her performance definitely stamps her as one who should go far in her profession

Summer Hats of Moment

By Blanche B. Elliott

THERE is a great deal of passing through Paris just now, and many of the feminine fair find it necessary to linger long enough to look at frocks. This is actually the moment that the private client is buying spring and summer clothes. For her, therefore, quite a sprinkling of new models are being shown—together with the successes of the past season. The latter have already been bought, shown and copied, so for Madame, back from some place in the sun, something newer is required. This accounts for the influx of American buyers, who have a perfect nose for fashion news—and, so as not to miss anything, the conscientious fashion chronicler is also here, all agog, on a similar errand.

THERE is so much of interest in Paris now *besides* the frocks. The dramatic arrival of the Royal Spanish couple has riveted attention here, while the opening of the much-talked-of Colonial Exhibition will draw many to see it. Each of the big transatlantic steamers brings its quota of incoming Americans, and, despite the slump, it seems impossible to divorce the smart American from her inevitable Paris frock, so that the gay capital need not be in the doldrums yet.

HATS are the first to receive attention, and it really looks as though something entirely new will be done in this line. The new sailor has appeared, and it has, mark you, a *round,* and not a *square,* crown. Talbot calls it the Amazone, and it is worn tilted rakishly over one eye and shows the hair on the other. Its trimming is small and tentative—either some flower of the field, as cornflower, daisy and poppy, to form the favoured red, white and blue touch, or a bit of prystal sometimes in a tiny feather shape to stick out at an angle on one side—or sometimes it is a small bow, with butterfly-ends, looking as though it had just been blown on and would go off again at the first possible moment.

THE sailor—very like a man's bowler, by the way—is being shown everywhere, so that its success is assured. It goes very well with the longer-hair style, as it reveals the nape of the neck. It is usually in paillasson and, as usually, shiny. Talbot placed a pair of white wings in front of a black model, which was so simple and yet so charming that everyone seemed to fall for it. One smart Englishwoman was choosing blue wings instead of white. In the larger shapes an even coarser straw is used, known as paillasson rustique.

Of distinctly feminine appeal, this dainty red check printed foulard frock is designed for afternoon wear. Its fichu cape is detachable
Model Louiseboulanger

THE Empress Eugénie hat is also meeting with much success. It is worn almost straight on the head, has a round crown, a fairly narrow, straight brim, and has a half-veil hanging all round. These little veils are worn a great deal, appearing just on the forehead with the small cap or bonnets, as they are useful to keep the hair tidy—and most fashions can be traced to some utilitarian source

MANY bakous are shown in fine, supple texture, some dead-white panamas and various makes of open, lacy straws. A new sheer, hair straw, known as galuchat, is of a resilient texture which holds its shape and is beautifully light and cool to wear. Organdie muslin of the stiffer kind is used to form summery hats. Molyneux plaits it in tape-like strips in a dull white to resemble a coarse straw, and achieves a thoroughly original effect. This was trimmed with a leather band, and a touch of steel-white piqué forms hats of charm and is lifted from the ordinary by an underbrim of black velvet.

GROS GRAIN retains its popularity and creates hats both large and small. The above house showed a wide hat formed of melon-like sections in red and white, which contrived to be extremely smart. Louise Bourbon, a new light in the millinery firmament, does some slick things with it. She makes an engaging little béret shape in coloured sections of green, white and black—and bérets, by the way, are worn over one ear rather than at the back of the head.

WHAT Bourbon does with a bakou brim defies description. To say it swirls is insufficient. It is pulled down on one side at an incredible angle so as to hide the face completely, and then scoops upwards over the forehead in two movements. It ripples into pleats caught with ribbon on the low-down side and manages to give a fly-away look that is very new after the flat caps we have been wearing. These have to be literally tethered to the head with a plait of ribbon or a bunch of flowers. So small is the crown sometimes that the hat looks almost flat, and with its plait of ribbon on flowers looping down over the hair on one side it very much resembles a Watteau shepherdess effect.

Two views of an original frock which certainly believes in doing things by halves. One half is in beige and the other half is in deep chestnut satin. With it is worn bare-footed sandals *Model Worth*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A Very Mixed Bag

By Clemence Dane

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

AFTERTHOUGHTS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable: 3s. 6d.)
THE DELICATE SITUATION. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)
TWO-AND-TWENTY. By C. S. Forster. (Bodley Head: 7s. 6d.)
MY NORTHCLIFFE DIARY. By Tom Clarke. (Gollancz: 8s. 6d.)
SAVAGE MESSIAH. By H. S. Ede. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.)
ENGLAND'S CRISIS. By André Siegfried. (Cape: 10s. 6d.)
THE POEMS OF WILFRED OWEN. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
A COLLECTION OF POEMS. By Joan Adeney Easdale. (Hogarth Press: 4s. 6d.)

THIS month's Book Society list contains a small, meek volume not at all meekly bound in brilliant bice. It is called *Afterthoughts*, and contains some eighty pages of aphorisms, shrewd, wise, funny, faintly malicious, dreadfully quotable! For instance, I am now engaged in jotting down impressions of a couple of novels, some poetry, a diary, a life, and a book upon the position of England. And the bice book has a phrase which exactly applies to each. Take, for instance, a tragi-comedy of Victorian days by Naomi Royde-Smith. And here are a couple of sentences from *Afterthoughts*.

"'Oh, Joy!' sings a bird in the heart. 'Oh, Joy!' another bird answers; while the world, like a large, thoughtful cat, sits by and watches."

I could devote a page to *The Delicate Situation* without expressing half so exactly the irony and pathos of this lover's tale.

Then there is a story called *Two and Twenty*, about a young man who revolted against authority and got into trouble, wrote a couple of frightfully bad poems which had an immense success, eloped with a delightful girl, and presently found out that his poems weren't so good after all, and returned to his proper job. *Afterthoughts* finds the label at once for the pleasant, artless tale.

"Don't laugh at a youth for his affectations; he is only trying on one face after another to find a face of his own."

Even Wilfred Owen's poems, tragic poems, are easy to fit. They are, perhaps the fiercest and most terrible verses which the War has produced. As the poet himself says in his despairing preface:—

"My subject is war and the pity of war.

"The poetry is in the pity.

"Yet these elegies are to this generation in no sense consolatory. They may be to the next. All a poet can do to-day is warn."

As *Afterthoughts* would put it:

"We should nourish our souls on the dew of Poesy, and manure them as well."

IT is easy, too, to find a label for that amazing human document, *My Northcliffe Diary*, by Tom Clarke.

Hay Wrightson

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

Whose latest book, "The Delicate Situation," is one of the Book Society's choices for the month. She is one of the many distinguished writers whose short stories appear from time to time in "The Bystander"

"There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want and then to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second."

Did Northcliffe, who seems to have got what he wanted, ever enjoy it? As far as one can judge by this diary of one of his editors, he wanted power more than anything in the world. The amazing story of how he won his power is worth reading.

"His outlook was mainly emotional," says Mr. Clarke. "He said he knew nothing about politics, art, sport, finance, literature, and so on, and when he looked at a picture or at a game, or at a movement in the City, it was not knowledge but the emotional response in himself that dictated his attitude. . . His fierce energy led him to make mistakes. Sometimes he turned them to advantage. Very seldom was he caught out. He was too shrewd for that. 'If you said a thing often enough,' he would say, 'it became right or true.' I do not think his power brought him happiness."

No, nobody reading this tragic record, written as it is in all loyalty and affection, can imagine that Northcliffe's power brought him happiness. He seems to have lived in a fantasy of greatness only to end, like Lear, "not in his 'perfect mind.'"

One can easily imagine plays and novels being written about Northcliffe, but only sober statement of fact can do justice to such a story as that of Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska. Henri Gaudier was a boy of nineteen when he met Sophie Brzeska, a woman twice his age. He was a young sculptor, and, it is now pretty generally admitted, a creature of genius. She had talent and was half-mad. The two, penniless, friendless, chose to unite their lives and spent five years together in England, unhelped, unfriended, unknown. Indeed, the story of Gaudier's five years' semi-starvation is not pretty reading. He seems to have had no real friend in the world except the strange woman who had for him so overwhelming a fascination. But she, at any rate, seems to have loved him as dearly as he loved her, and, as far as her nature permitted it, done her best for him. Their story is as moving as that of any of the great friendships, and the photographs of his sculptures in the 10*s.* 6*d.* edition, not to speak of the reproductions of paintings and drawings in the magnificent special edition, make it clear that her belief in him was justified. His work may not please everybody's taste, but to quote once again that persistent little volume, *Afterthoughts*:

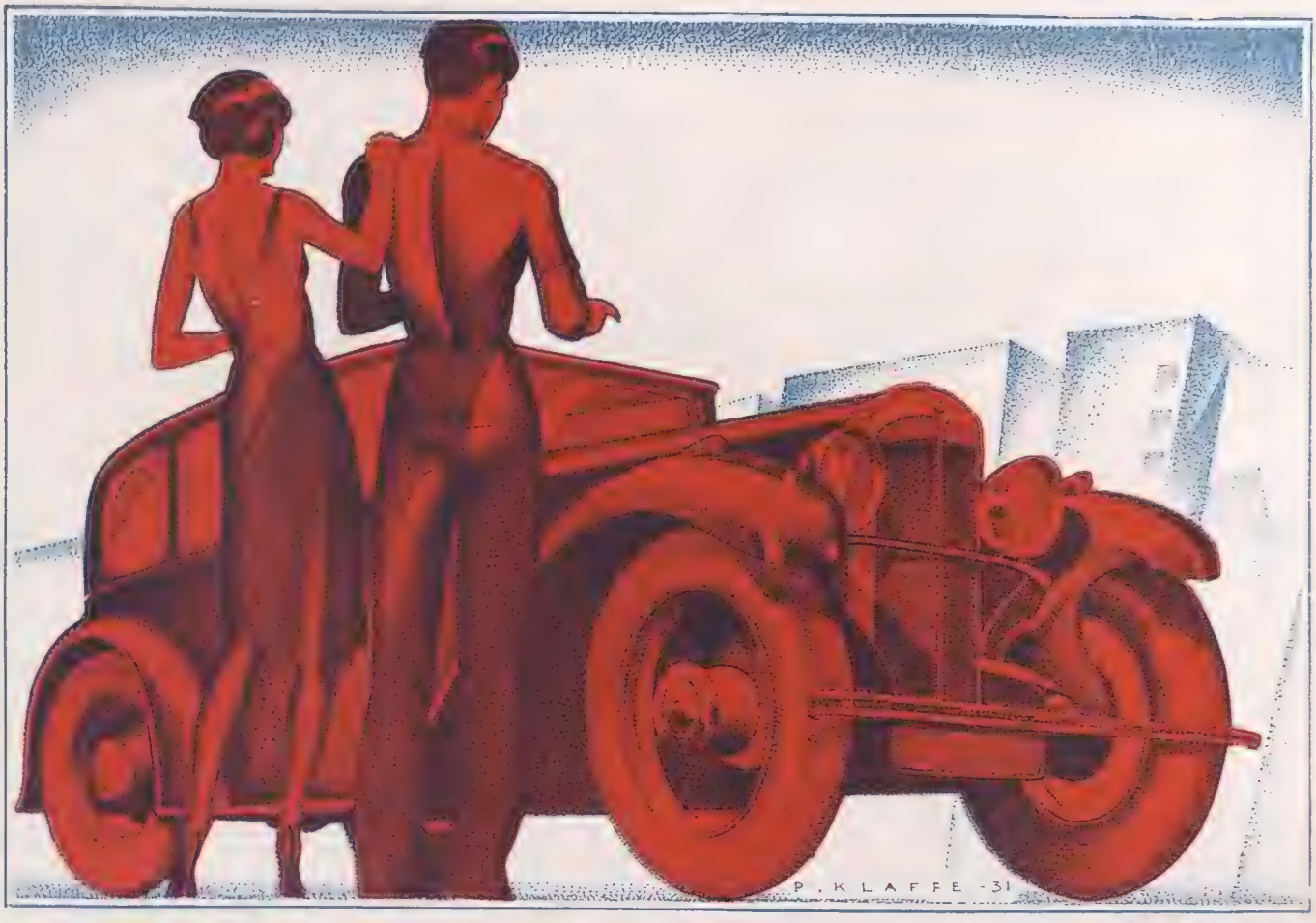
"The vitality of a new movement in art or letters can be pretty accurately gauged by the fury it arouses."

THIS month's list is completed by a book of adolescent poems, and a volume of essays, *England's Crisis*, by the author of *America Comes of Age*.

"The world has been completely transformed, and in it the England of yesterday has not yet found herself," Mr. Siegfried decides in his introduction to *England's Crisis*. There follows an extraordinarily interesting review of post-War affairs, Shrinkage of Exports, Unemployment, the Altered Clientèle, and a dozen other reasons for the crisis are considered shrewdly, yet with wit and sympathy. The second half of the book deals with possible remedies and concludes thus:

"When England changes we say she is dying. And it is never true. The Empire and the spirit of England on which it thrives have unlimited power of adaptation and life."

This is the most comforting line in a frightening book.



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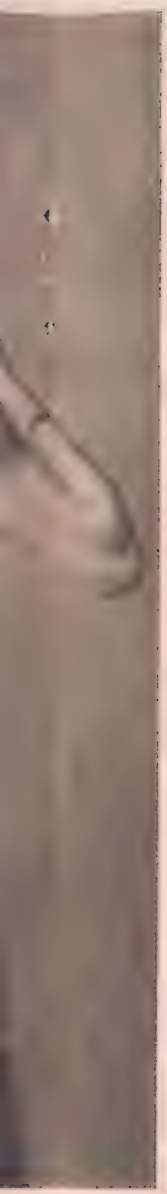
THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE AS

Above.
"VERS L'AZUR"
BY A. FAUGERON

"FÉMININITÉ." BY EMILE SIMON

Right:
"NU"
BY P. SIEFFERT

AS SEEN AT THE PARIS SALON



ON

This year's Paris Salon Exhibition is notable for the number of remarkable artistic nude studies to be seen on its walls. Reproduced on these pages are six of the outstanding examples of French art which combine charm, grace and technique of a high order

Above :
"AVANT LE BAIN"
BY GASTON GUEDY

Right :
"LA FEMME AU CHAT"
BY RIDA RIEMANS

"PISCINE." BY LOUIS JEAN BEAUPUY

JUAN-LES-PINS (French Riviera).

ON first thoughts it seems a pity that every human being living in Europe may not take his or her vacation in this summer paradise.

* * *

I awakened this morning in time to see the rosy red of the sun creeping above the misty blue horizon of the boundlessly blue Mediterranean. I took a dip in the sweet, waveless sea of perfumed waters, walked through the health-giving pine groves of the peninsula to the Lighthouse Hill, where I saw the glitter of the snows on the mountains behind Nice and the waving forests of the Esterel beyond Cannes.

And then I saw a Symbol.

As I stood in the flooding sun a huge limousine slipped to the top of Lighthouse Hill. It stopped, and the Symbol alighted primly, aloofly, seeing and yet not seeing.

The Symbol was clad in dark cloth pyjamas fringed with gold. The Symbol's face was tanned the royal cherry-ripe red of Juan. The eyelashes were darkened; the finger nails were painted red; the hat was as huge as a beach parasol. The Symbol's figure was lithe and graceful. But, alas! the Symbol looked neither to the right nor to the left. I was obscured, unseen. I was a mere man in No Man's Land.

The Symbol walked proudly as a peacock; gazed as I had gazed at the mountains and the pines and the sea and her every move seemed to say: "I am at last the Centre of Creation. Without me all this beauty would be as nothing."

* * *

On second thoughts I am sure it would be a pity if every man were to take his holiday here this summer because he would go unrecognised, be made to feel very small and humble, unworthy and insignificant.

By WALTER S. HIATT.

Reprinted from Continental Daily Mail, Aug. 14, 1930.

JUAN LES PINS

Its Dainty Casino
Hotel Le Provençal

The management of the Hotel Le Provençal recommends its guests to come early or book early for June, July, or August so that there will not be as many disappointments as last summer.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Mardi Gras

by THEDA RENYON

HE knew suddenly why he had come down here. All the reasons he had "spoon-fed" to his philosophical mind were sham. Yet he remembered how affronted he had been when a younger colleague, with a reputation, even among the students, for "knowing his onions," had tried to tell him about some woman named Nita. He had even informed the young man, somewhat harshly, that this was to be a definitely professional trip—no Indian Summer attempt to recapture Spring. It had seemed quite natural, in the safe college atmosphere, to talk of the importance of analysing human psychological reaction to the mob-emotion of a carnival; but now, with that carnival actually swirling about him, he looked into sudden green eyes—and knew only that he was forty-eight years old . . . and had never been young . . . before.

Forty-eight! Why, that was full middle age!

But in the same instant he knew the insignificance of mere years. New Orleans was ancient beside the city he called home—but, ruffled with roses and confetti, it was infinitely young tonight. There was a rhythmic undertone of youth through everything; it would not be denied; it commanded and changed the very pulse-beat in his veins. And he saw at last that Youth was Desire, as it had been in Eden, as it must be on the Day of Judgment.

He was so intense in the discovery that the crowd, moving oppositely in concentric circles, had almost swept him past the green eyes; but now, seeing them waver and falter, he put out an unexpected hand and grasped her arm. Even the feeling of flesh in his fingers didn't startle him with the fact that he was actually clutching a stranger; on the contrary, it spurred him to action, and he jostled and shoved, and even so manœuvred his big bony shoulders that he was out of his own circle and behind her in hers before he was fully aware of his intention; but, this once achieved, the smug satisfaction on his squarish, sun-browned face suggested that he had successfully carried out a Machiavellian plan of long standing.

The woman, glancing sidewise through the slits in her black mask, smiled faintly. She was wise in the hearts—and faces—of men; so she said:

"How clever of you! So few men know how to—to——"

He leaned above her, eager not to miss one precious syllable of praise. The woman's voice went with her eyes; it was exquisite, sophisticated, and—though he did not know it—skilled.

He helped her, with the tolerance that men always love to feel for women who are pretty:

"Well? To——"

She raised a shoulder very slightly, as if his technique were beyond mere words. He noticed how rounded and gleaming white it was. If he dared——.

Illustrated by
FRANK OLDHAM

But he looked away quickly instead.

She said, "To take what they want."

Somehow that finished her sentence and answered his hunger as well. He bent and kissed her white skin abruptly.

Instantly he was glad of the confusion about them. It covered his own. Marching with sudden stiffness behind her he wondered if she could be as miserable as that kiss had made him. He thought frenziedly of apologising, of telling her that he had never kissed a woman before, that he regretted it, that——

In his ear a small shrill horn mocked him raucously; confetti snowed blindingly between them; a white rose thudded against his face, fell to her dark hair, pulling it. She pressed back against him and with a small, startled "Oh!" and he put out a hand, stiffly, to loosen the flower. His clumsiness seemed to tangle it more; or perhaps it was the fact that he found the softness of her hair as disturbing as the firmness of her skin. It did things to his breathing, and his fingers shook.

She said, upwards and sideways:

"I'm *so* sorry! Perhaps—don't you think—it might be easier—out of the crowd?"

He glanced about vaguely before she added: "There's a garden just around the corner; if you don't mind——"

Desire and alarm fought openly in his face.

"We can—rest there," she said softly. "No one else will be there tonight."

In sudden resolution he squared his shoulders and nodded; and she turned her face away quickly, half to hide the quick, funny little smile it bore and half to fix his determination.

He would have fought a way for them through the crowds; but she took his hand, with a sort of impersonal tenderness, as if he had been a little boy, and led him dexterously out of the mêlée, around a corner, and to a vine-heavy grille in a whitewashed wall.

ALREADY he had a sense of mystery, of unreality; there was a suggestion of it in her eyes, under all the commonplace, everyday emotions that average people permit themselves. Now, as the grille swung open, he knew that all this was some strange magic, for though his feet had never before stood on that gravelled path, there was no shadow of the place that was strange to his imagination. He knew the polished darkness of palm leaves and the dramatic accent of magnolia blooms; he had thrilled a thousand times to the madness compounded of jasmine and her hair.

She stood very close to him. "Perhaps—now—the rose, you know."

He remembered suddenly why they had come there, and tried to breathe slowly, steadyingly, as his fingers touched the flower again. But it was futile. After a moment's struggle he drove a thorn deep in his hand, and the resultant jerk pulled the flower loose.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

She started slightly, but did not speak; only, as she saw him staring at the rose, she smiled again, as if at an old secret, and drew his fingers through her arm.

"Come," she said, and drew him to a little curved marble bench all overhung with rare, redolent blossoms.

He felt strangely close to her there—much closer than he actually was; not alone the night, and the ebb and flow of outer gaiety around their peace, chrysalissed them; but he felt again that sense of knowing this place—and her.

After a silence he put up a tentative finger and touched her mask.

"Take it off, won't you?" She seemed to hesitate, and he added quickly: "If you'd rather not——"

He felt that the green eyes searched his face for something, but, when they did not find it, they turned away. Then she raised her arms and loosened the mask, and laid it quietly beside her on the bench. There was something akin to resignation in the gesture. A moment later she turned, looked at him full.

"She took his hand, with a sort of impersonal tenderness, as if he had been a little boy, and led him dexterously out of

IN the dim light he discovered the oval of her face—perfectly Creole in type; and the old French - Spanish aristocracy was further evidenced in the poise of the small, high-held head on its long throat. To anyone schooled in race and cast as he was, it was a strangely beautiful face, and he wondered at her reticence in showing it; he wanted to tell her so, and stumbled among unused words and phrases.

Finally—"You are very beautiful"—but the hush in his voice made the banal words a complete tribute.

Her breath caught, and she glanced down quickly, to see for the first time the red stain on his palm. She hovered above it with a little cry.

"Oh, but I am so sorry! How did you——"

"Nothing." He was gruff. God, the scent of her hair! "A thorn."

She was binding it up with something ridiculously inadequate for a vaster hurt; her murmuring croon and the touch of her hands determined him.

Roughly he tilted her face, and kissed her on the mouth fully.

"I love you—I love you——"

She stirred, but did not free herself. He heard her half whispered "For to-night."

"No!" His fingers were clawlike on her shoulders, but she did not wince. "For always, do you understand? I have been waiting for this—all my life——"

She nodded slowly. "Yes," she said, "you have been—waiting. I knew when I first saw you."

He kissed her again; and she completed the caress, so that it left him shaking.

"For always!"

She released herself with a little sigh, her long fingers twining his.

"For to-night." Outside the maskers came close. Someone was singing. He would have taken her in his arms again, but she held him away. There was something almost savage in her gesture, in the quick flash of her teeth, the green light in her eyes. "For to-night! Mon Dieu! Is not to-night—*enough?*" Then, with a quick change in her

mêlée, around a corner, and to a vine-heavy grille in a whitewashed wall'

mood, she murmured almost contritely, "How can you tell? What do you know of love?"

He stiffened away from her, from her insinuation of his ignorance.

"What do *I* know——" But now, inexplicably, his mood also changed. He drew her to him half tenderly, as if she were very precious and his to instruct. He had told her this so many times—in this garden—somewhere—— Suddenly he began to speak, his voice undertoning all the night's hysteria.

HE told her of ancient carnivals, of Phallic rites and the pan-Athenaic festivals, of Dianic dances and the Temple of Astarte; and as he talked, in the moonlight of the old garden, the vague ugliness he had always associated with them softened; he sensed beauty of line and colour; figures that had been to him only the brede on vases became alive and pliant like this woman, moving supply through the columned glory that was Greece.

For a little while she listened, wonder and a sort of puzzled pity in her green eyes; then she stopped listening, and began to create for herself.

She tested the lines of his face, the movements of his body; skilled as a physician, she knew his age, knew that to-morrow he would be old. And all the beauty that he knew, all the youth he would remember, all the romance he had dreamed as a boy, had died with Greece two thousand years ago.

He glanced back from the shadows where his golden figures danced and met her eyes. They were filmed with tears.

His words faltered, his dream faded.

Instinct drew his arms around her—closer—closer——

"Why—my dear——"

She kissed him on the cheek; then, suddenly, wildly on the lips.

"Come!" The syllable choked. "Dawn comes—so soon!"

THERE was living warmth on his lips, and over his chest flowed something silken-soft. He fingered it tentatively—her loosened hair.

Far back in his brain something reminded him that this awakening should hold regret, self-reproach; instead, he knew only peace and a sense of compassed beauty.

Her lips left his mouth, touched his eyelids.

"Come, my dear. . . . It will be dawn soon."

She had said that, or something very like it, hours before. He stirred and drew her to him, with mingled hunger and rebellion.

"What of it?"

"You must go now."

It was a scimitar across lingering drowsiness, the death thrust to enchantment. He remembered—"For to-night."

But he said: "No! No—I'm not going—ever—I love you——"

She leaned over him again and kissed him. "I'm glad. But you must go; the others will be back soon."

Others. He had forgotten everyone, everything, but her, aloof in this old house, within the walled garden. He had felt her an enchanted being, thralled in the same spell with himself. Others. They were not alone; no one was ever alone; every individual was a part of society, responsible to every other individual; he had taught that to hundreds of young men. It stiffened him now, kept him from further protest. Others. What were they to her? Servants, relatives—even——

"You are—married?"

That escaped him, flung itself from his lips.

"Married?" There was something queer in her tone—something beyond analysing. Wistfulness, resentment, amusement—no, he could not discover it. "No, I'm not married. I have never been married Why?"

"You spoke of others."

He mumbled it, for some reason vaguely apologetic, feeling like a jealous schoolboy; she banished his fears and doubts with a small, half-laughing kiss. He had learned how different kisses may be—even between the same people. Now, he knew she was treating him like the little boy he felt—and doing it so charmingly that he didn't mind. He said—ruefully——

"It's not dawn yet. That light's from the candles in the other room."

"We will be gone before dawn——"

He fancied he felt her shudder, and wondered again about the "others." But the sense of her real discomfort at his slowness set him hurrying as could no urgent words.

They went out together into the soft night.

The noise of the Mardi Gras still flowed about them; the garden was still a fairy-tale, strangely a part of him. But everything was different now. He saw the world through new eyes; it was confusing; he felt lonely.

He said, "When may I come back?"

"Never!"

Exclusive photograph by A. Console

A typical scene from "White Horse Inn," the colourful musical play which is proving a tremendous success at the Coliseum. In the foreground, the proprietress of the White Horse Inn (Lea Seidl) is seen welcoming her distinguished guest, the old Emperor (Frederick Leister) whilst the head-waiter (Clifford Mollison), who is in love with her, looks on with apprehension. The variety of the costumes worn by the hundreds of supers provides a blaze of colour

MARDI GRAS (*continued from page 231*)

The very softness of her voice made it irrevocable; hers was power beyond argument.

"Don't you . . . want me?"

Her sudden unguarded kiss was his answer.

"Then why——"

"Because of that very thing."

All the time she had been drawing him imperceptibly towards the gate. Now she almost hurried him through it, placing herself between the post and him, closing the grill clangingly behind them, urging him around the corner.

A group of maskers swayed towards them, swerved, encompassed them. Their voices were hoarse, and the costumes that had seemed so gay a few hours before were draggled. Somehow he felt the analogy, and was glad, even through his pain, that she had had courage to banish him from fairyland while he still believed in its enchantment. He turned to tell her so—and found that she was gone.

In the terrible emptiness of that first realisation he tried to recreate her; her beauty, her tenderness, her passion, her breeding, her courage. He saw them all clearly—and marvelled. Why had she done what she had?

He caught himself up. Even to think of it that way was desecrating. She had given him such beauty as he had never known; she had completed a dream he had lived with for twenty years, without grasping it.

And if *he* had not grasped it, perhaps she also had dreamed—futilely.

The idea flamed. That was the explanation? She had been so long in her garden, alone and lonely! He saw "the others"—fading spinsters, stiff dowagers, every waning year of theirs pointing more starkly her own future.

He remembered old stories of sheltered Southern ladies—stories fragrant as lavender—and hopeless. She was no longer very young; and to-night—to-night—she had faced reality—and dared! That was the meaning of her tone, when she had told him she was unmarried.

He turned, broke from the dancers, impulsive resolution goading him. No matter what the reason for her isolation, he would thrust it aside, force her to grasp his dream—and hers.

Suddenly, he realised that he had no idea where he was; more terrible, he found there were many walled gardens in New Orleans, guarding behind their fragile grilles their own mysteries of joy and sadness. He tried to recall details; felt, for the first time, how she had hurried him toward the house—and away from it.

Even so, he wandered about, with a sort of hopeless hope. Dawn broke, and he found he was very tired. The streets were almost deserted, and strewn with draggled confetti and torn flowers. He remembered the rose—the white rose he had taken from her hair, and put his hand in his pocket, with a vague memory that he had thrust it there. His fumbling fingers closed on a wisp of chiffon.

He drew it out into the greyish light. Her handkerchief. The small bloodstain reconstructed, with its momentary thrill, the high moment when she had tied it about his hand. He closed his eyes—but the instant passed, and he stood staring at it ruefully.

A bit of embroidery in the corner caught his attention. He twisted and turned it, straining in the faint light to decipher it; and suddenly sharply succeeded.

"Nita."

Irrevocable.

"Nita."

That was why it had been so perfect. It had been the perfection of technique, of practice—not the high hour's fine flowering, as he had dreamed. Even the garden was no fairy place, with grille shut against an intruding world. Any man who knocked might enter, any man who demanded would know the madness of her lips.

What a fool he had been! He hated her more for making a fool of him than for being what she was.

Then, suddenly he saw her eyes—not green and flaring with a passion he had believed for him—but tear-filled, strangely pitying. He saw her lips—quivering with none of the inevitable phrases of that night, but curved as a mother's might have been, when she said: "You have been waiting—I know."

Waiting—and she had given him what he waited for; given it to him completely, beautifully—the full flower of his dream—unsullied. The only desecration it had known had been his own—since.

He folded the handkerchief clumsily, and put it deep in his pocket.

T. R.

THE MYSTERY FILM STAR: JEANNETTE MACDONALD

One of the most beautiful of film actresses, who starred with Jack Buchanan in the talkie, "Monte Carlo." The Continent is thrilled by rumours of the attentions paid to her by the Crown Prince of a leading allied State, and that she was shot by the Princess. On the other hand, the authorities say the story is a canard and that the alleged "shooting" was merely the bursting of a motor tyre

FILM NOTES

BRITISH CAMERA MEN MUST IMPROVE

By Lionel

Joan Barry brings a charm to the English screen which is not always too well exploited. She is seen here with Harold Huth in a picturisation of "The Outsider"

IT is young actresses like Joan Barry who are needed on the English screen to-day, both for ability and looks. It is regrettable, but true, that we are sadly deficient in feminine charm. She gives an excellent performance in "The Outsider," a screen version of the stage play, which is shortly to be presented at the Empire.

THE reason that many of our actresses do not show to advantage may well be that our camera men do not take the trouble that the Americans do in always presenting their stars in the most favourable lighting. Look how divinely pretty they made Evelyn Laye, who did not show to advantage in English pictures.

THEN there is the example of Elissa Landi in her first American picture, "Body and Soul." She is ethereally lovely and has been overwhelmed with offers of contracts, and this in spite of the fact that "Body and Soul" is not in any sense a remarkably good picture.

ALSO in "The Outsider" is Harold Huth, who plays the rôle of a "quack" doctor who is an outsider because he lacks medical degrees; but he cannot, because of his methods and manners, make him likeable or convince us that he would have won the love of the cripple girl whom he cures. This is the part played by Joan Barry.

I FEEL that she would be much more at home in comedy, but, nevertheless, she gives a sympathetic interpretation in a part which demands intelligence and delicate insistence on sentiment.

AN American-Jewish friend of mine told me once that the talkies were getting "voice and voice." They have, and perhaps they are—which reminds me that Joan Barry has a most pleasing voice—one that in these days of "refeened" Kensington accents and American nasalities is very welcome.

WITH that as an asset and Harold Huth's performance as another, you can almost forget the artificialities in "The Outsider" and find it entertaining.

A DIFFERENT type of "Outsider" is to be found in "Brown Sugar," still another adaptation of a stage play. A newcomer, Constance Carpenter, plays the unrefined piece of sweetness of the title. She is a chorus girl who marries into the aristocracy and finds herself looked askance at by the husband's mother and the society woman who had wanted him herself.

IN the slanging matches which take up the best part of the proceedings, I should have said that the society woman wins hands down, and was not even Demerara, but Barbadoes, sugar.

THAT is what makes this play so ridiculous. Characters are unbelievable, and the whole theme is outmoded. It is not helped by the fact that the producer has done nothing more than photograph a stage play.

CONSTANCE CARPENTER could not make much headway with the

After the long and successful run of that delightful French film, "Sous Les Toits de Paris," it is pleasing to know that the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, is running a French season. Madeleine Renaud, the famous French actress, is now to be seen in "Jean de la Lune"

Their Lighting to Beat the World

Collier

part of the chorus girl, and even tried artists like Allan Aynesworth, Helen Haye, Eva Moore, and Francis Lister were swamped by its artificialities and sense of amateurishness. It seems a pity that so much good talent should be wasted on such material.

Since the talkies came, that charming Hungarian artist, Lili Damita, has been sadly obscured. It is good news to hear that she has signed up again with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. We could ill afford to miss such good form

A newcomer, Constance Carpenter, appears in a screen version of the stage play "Brown Sugar," a new British picture made for Warner Brothers. She is seen with Francis Lister, and, above, demonstrating her high-kicking ability to the amazement of her "refeened" in-laws, played by Helen Haye and Allan Aynesworth

AT the London Pavilion there is a screen revival of the Dreyfus case which presents a very interesting human document. It cannot be said to be exceptionally well produced, but, in spite of weaknesses, it has the dignity of simplicity, and perhaps gains by that fact. I went there not expecting to be entertained very much. After all, Dreyfus' troubles and the uproar that they caused belong to a past generation; and I'm afraid, beyond the fact that anti-Semitic feelings were aroused and a man wrongly sentenced for spying, I knew little about them.

"DREYFUS," on the whole, is worth seeing. There is fact here that is not only stranger than fiction, but a good deal more dramatic. Cedric Hardwicke gives a very good performance as the unfortunate Dreyfus, while George Merritt carries off the acting honours as Emile Zola, the litterateur who so strenuously took up the case. Sam Livesey is also very good as Labori, Dreyfus' counsel. Garry Marsh as the notorious Major Esterhazy also does very well.

THE main weaknesses are a tendency to be rather vague in the conflicting issues at times, and to give one credit for knowing more about the case than most of us do, and also a painfully inefficient "crowd," which "rhubarbed" with ferocity and precision when required.

L. C.

FOUR SERVICES WEDDINGS

Capt. Frank O'Niell Ford, 3rd 20th Burma Rifles, and Miss Annabel Elsie Couper, leaving St. Baldred's Episcopal Church, North Berwick. The bride is a daughter of Sir John and Lady Couper. Sir John was the Royal Purse Bearer in Scotland for many years

Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, R.A.F., and Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, a cousin of the Duchess of York, after their wedding at Beaulieu Abbey Church. Lord Malcolm is the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon

Flight-Lieutenant Christopher C. Edwards, R.A.F., and his bride, Miss Charis Joyce Johnson, leaving St. James's, Piccadilly, after their recent wedding there. The bride was attended by two matrons of honour and two bridesmaids

Flight-Lieutenant Owen Jones-Lloyd, R.A.F., and Miss Alexa Drew, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Drew, who were married recently at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bridegroom is in the Nigerian Political Service

Sport In Erin's Isle

By Major J. W. Seigue

The Duke of Devonshire playing a salmon. The photograph was taken on the Blackwater near Fermoy, in Co Cork

Sport and General

Sport and General

A salmon-fishing scene on the River Erne. Local fishermen are seen above busily paying out the sweep net from their rowing boat.

THE other day I was motoring down a lonely glen in Tipperary. The countryside was covered in gorse just breaking into gold, and a crystal stream came dancing down from the hills to twist beside the road. It looked a pleasant place for lunch, and, while enjoying a quiet pipe, I watched a local angler catch a nice trout of about ¾ lb. He told me that it was the finest little trout stream in Ireland, and all free fishing. "Divil a one except meself ever throws a fly over it," he added.

Here, to my mind, is one of the chief charms of the Irish Free State. There are still little-known corners in it full of possibilities for the sportsman or the lover of scenery. And for a man who seeks a complete rest and change of scene there is no more pleasant land for a holiday. To a fisherman the country is full of appeal, especially if he be content with the humble trout, for there are trout streams everywhere, and just now the possibilities of a really big fish in Loughs Derg and Corrib during the may-fly season.

From now onwards, too, at places like Waterville or Glencar in Kerry, Cashel in Connemara, Mulleranny in Mayo, Glenties or Rosapenna in Donegal, there is excellent sea-trout fishing, occasional salmon, and first-rate hotel accommodation.

Vivyan Poole

Capt. C. F. Walkins, of Boyne View, Navan, with a fine twenty-pound salmon he landed recently. Capt. Walkins, who was formerly in the Scots Greys and is the oldest follower of the Royal Meath, is fishing the Slane Castle stretch of the Boyne this season

THE motorist will find the main roads in most counties very good indeed, and the absence of traffic a real joy after the strain of driving in England. To bring a car over from England is neither difficult nor very expensive, and the various Customs formalities are easily arranged. If I were asked to advise as to a leisurely tour in the country I would say that a cut-and-dried programme is a great mistake. But suppose, for example, you bring your car from Fishguard to Rosslare by the comfortable G.W.R. route. First of all you could proceed to County Cork, via Lismore and the valley of the Blackwater, and on to Kerry via Glengariff and Kenmare, which takes you through wonderful scenery.

THEN on to the Shannon and Lough Derg for the dapping season, afterwards moving slowly up to Connemara via Galway and Oughterard for Lough Corrib, which has some of the finest free fishing in Ireland. Crossing Mayo and Sligo, the late summer and autumn could be spent in the Donegal Highlands, returning through the midlands to embark again from Dublin. A tour like this would take you through lovely country and some of the best fishing districts.

How I wish I could undertake it myself just now!

But even if one can only snatch a fortnight from "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," I think a visit to the Irish Free State is worth it. There is something fresh and new about the country which is a tonic in itself. There is, too, something very attractive in the kindly welcome which one meets with everywhere, and in the old-world courtesy of the people in remote districts.

ONE can leave London one evening and wait for the evening rise on a lonely lake in the wilds of Kerry the next. Or without venturing any farther than Dublin, there are charming seaside resorts such as Bray or Greystones along the coast from which delightful trips can be made into the Dublin mountains and County Wicklow. With cheap travel facilities the cost is little more than going to many an English seaside place, and there is the certainty of a measure of peace and escape from that overcrowding which is the bane of the more popular English and Continental holiday haunts.

A PRETTY IRISH VILLAGE J. R. Bainbridge

A picturesque corner of Ireland that still remains unspoilt by the jerry-builder. It shows the little village of Cushendun on the Antrim Coast Road

A famous beauty spot. The Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge, Ballycastle

Sport and General

With the rod in the Donegal highlands. The angler is fishing a mountain stream in Barnesmore Gap

FOR a golfing holiday there is perhaps no place like Lahinch. Near there the cliffs of Moher, with the Atlantic rollers breaking in 800 feet below, are alone worth a visit. But golf links are springing up everywhere in the Free State, and at nearly all fishing resorts one can get a round somewhere nearby when sport is poor.

NO one who is interested in horses should fail to visit the Dublin Horse Show in August, where one sees some of the finest jumping in the world. At this great annual horse fair many a hunter is bought and sold. Coming, as it does, just before cub-hunting, it offers an excellent opportunity of picking up a good hunter before the season proper begins.

To have any chance at the Dublin Horse Show means careful training beforehand, so that any horse bought there can be made fit for hunting without much further trouble.

BUT I should strongly advise the man who can afford the time to take a trip to places like Limerick, Mallow, Mullingar, or Kilkenny, and have a look round for himself in the hope of getting a really good horse from the farmer who bred him, at a more moderate price. He would also have a better opportunity of judging the horse and riding it over fences before buying, as well as getting some insight into hunting conditions in the country.

INDEED, the remarkable feature about the Irish Free State is the universality of its appeal. It has something to offer everyone—the sportsman, the tourist, the artist, or the man who is merely content to contemplate on the quiet things of life. The soft lights and shadows playing over hill and valley, the bogs stretching away on every side, gold and chocolate, brown and grey, or the healing call of curlew welling up across the moors to bring peace to jaded nerves.

J. W. S.

Exclusive Photograph by Sasha

AN "OLD MASTER" COME TO LIFE

The famous French actor, Sacha Guitry, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, in a scene from "Franz Hals," the new play in which Guitry portrays the famous painter. The play is now being performed at the Théâtre de la Madeleine in Paris and will possibly be presented in London in the not far distant future

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A Princess, Peers and Potentates

By "Junius"

FEW of those who knew Daisy Princess of Pless in the days of her splendour—splendour both of position and beauty—realised that she was so shrewd an observer of men and events. But this was shown very clearly in her first volume of reminiscences, *Daisy Princess of Pless, by Herself*. Now we have it again in a really fascinating book, *From My Private Diary* (Murray: 21s.), which will have as wide a vogue as its predecessor.

THE Princess has always kept a diary, and from its many volumes Major Chapman-Huston has compiled this book which is a bird's-eye view of English and German society in the later Victorian and Edwardian times. Further than that, it is an unconscious self-portrait of a most interesting character. Outwardly, the Princess had all that a woman could desire. A quasi-royal position, palaces, castles, vast estates, immense wealth, the friendship of the most famous people in England and Germany, and a dazzling beauty. The ex-Kaiser used to say that she reminded him of a coloured illustration in the Christmas number of some English magazines—gold and white and pink. But this was not a fair description of her wonderful golden hair and exquisite complexion. Inwardly, the diary reveals that the Princess had many crosses to endure.

Women in her position in Germany were hedged in by hundreds of conventions which, she being English and the daughter of an Irish woman—the late Mrs. Cornwallis-West—was constantly breaking. Her beauty, too, was of the type which makes a certain kind of plain woman censorious; and so long ago as 1908 there is a hint that all was not well between herself and her husband whom she divorced after the War.

ALL the great of the earth flit through these pages. Here are two of the Princess's shrewd observations, each with a prophetic note. Of the ex-Kaiser she wrote six years before the War, "He will die of men the most disappointed, broken in spirit and health—that is if he doesn't lose his sanity and kill himself." Twenty-two years ago she wrote of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, was the Princess's sister-in-law, "I am awfully sorry for him, he is like a racehorse wanting to start at once—ever on the wrong race track; he has so much impetuousness that he cannot hold himself back. . . . At present his politics are all personal, the politics of an American advertiser. . . . He is not happy if he is not always before the public, and he may some day be Prime Minister—and why not, he has energy and brains."

As I have said a fascinating book, and a vivid picture, too, of a world that has entirely passed away.

ERIC MUSPRATT

The author of "My South Sea Island." This entertaining book is published by Hopkinson at 7s. 6d.

THERE are people who will tell you that book-reviewers grow jaded and hyper-critical by the reading of many books. If this is so it may account for the enthusiasm with which this particular reviewer has read *My South Sea Island* (Hopkinson), by Eric Muspratt. I haven't been so thrilled by a book for years. Mr. Muspratt has been everything, from a baker's boy at eleven, a dentist's apprentice at thirteen, and afterwards a stowaway. At twenty-one he took charge of a coconut plantation in one of the remote Solomon Islands whilst its manager went on six months' sick leave. This manager, Mumford, was one of the meanest and most cheese-paring men in existence. Mr. Muspratt doubled the output of the plantation in a few weeks. He got blackwater fever and nearly died. Mumford returned shortly after the author had recovered, but instead of rejoicing over the changes on the plantation behaved with characteristic meanness.

PICTURE after picture of that island remain in one's mind. You can see the white line of waves breaking on the coral reef; the boar hunt; a great feast of natives on the beach; the jungle; the catching of fish by exploding gelignite in the water, and the squalor of the manager's house. Mr. Muspratt writes splendid English. This, of course, gives reality to his descriptions which in their restraint and effect remind one rather of Conrad.

Such a book cannot fail to have a big success. Mr. Muspratt has too fine a talent to be content with one book. Will he be persuaded, I wonder, to give us accounts of his other experiences? I hope so. If he combined fiction with his gift for conveying scenery and atmosphere I prophesy a second Conrad.

A photograph taken at the Imperial Manœuvres, Silesia, in 1905, and reproduced in "From My Private Diary," by Daisy Princess of Pless (John Murray: 21s.). Seated are Queen Sophie of Greece (left), the authoress, the Duke of Connaught, Queen Marie of Roumania and the Archduchess Crista of Austria, whilst seated in front are General Sir Ian Hamilton (left) and Brig.-General Geoffrey Brooke. The Prince of Pless is the uniformed figure behind Queen Sophie, and Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West are seen behind the Duke of Connaught

YOU will like Lord Gorell's new novel, *Gauntlet* (Murray: 7s. 6d.) because of its originality and strong character drawing. In these prosaic times when the telephone and the wireless make mysterious disappearances difficult, it is most intriguing to read of a bride who drops from the train whilst on her honeymoon journey, and hides in a little country town. But this, Cecilia Harland accomplishes successfully. Her later activities give Lord

(Continued on page 242)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 240)

Gorell the opportunity for sketching a variety of types. The Lasker household—where Cecilia goes as a governess—with its sublimated meanness of outlook and avarice makes one shiver.

THE delightful atmosphere of Lady Wraybourne's house is just as skilfully suggested. Cecilia goes there also as governess to two children who are quite the most entertaining imps in recent fiction. You sympathise with Cecilia's reason for dropping from that train, but in the end she learns she made a mistake, and she and her baronet-husband are reunited. Cecilia is a fascinating heroine, and Lady Wraybourne is one of those people you regret never having met.

QUITE another type of novel is *Pitiless Youth* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Edward Holstius. Here you have London just after the War, a series of pictures of hectic night-life, restaurants, senseless extravagance at somebody else's expense, speculation in the city with the inevitable crash, all dominated by a woman's selfishness. Barbara Marling, the heroine, stands for "pitiless youth." Mr. Holstius has described her admirably, as well as the life she creates round her husband, Hugh Marling. In strong contrast to the "pitiless youth" in the story is the relationship between Hugh and his father, Christopher Marling. "Old C," as he is affectionately called, is a delightful character. The scenes between him and his son in which both repress all sign of their deep affection for one another, are admirably done. A realistic picture this of a hectic and unsettled period.

LORD GORELL

Whose latest book, "Gauntlet," was published this month by John Murray. It is a romance written in his best vein

I'M glad that Quex's book on the War, *Pushed* (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*) has been brought out in a cheap edition. Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End*, writes an introductory letter. I entirely agree with him when he says, "It seems to me that such a book as this should again appear, in view of the innumerable war books that have seen the light in the past year. It carries such intense conviction as can only come from one writing, as you were, in the very heart of the conflict. In my opinion, it is the finest book of action that has come out of the War."

YOU will enjoy Mr. William Garrett's new novel, *The Man in the Mirror* (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a sort of variant on *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Jeremy Dilke is a highly respectable stockbroker. One day, whilst looking in a mirror, his image steps into the room. To say more would be to spoil Mr. Garrett's story, except that Jeremy's double takes his place in the house whilst Jeremy goes to an hotel. Number Two smooths out very strained relations between Jeremy and his wife and mother-in-law, and when he disappears leaves him the richer by seventy thousand pounds. It is not a book which makes you laugh, but it leaves you with a sense of being highly diverted and entertained by the clever presentment of an ingenious and original idea. "JUNIUS."

DOGS

THE DELIVERER

By Lady Kitty Ritson

DEATH is sad, but sometimes not so sad as life, at least, that is what I feel when I see animals suffering, with no one to care or to put them out of their misery. And, after all, what is life? Who was it that wrote:—

"A little season of love and laughter,
And light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And then a horror of outer darkness,
And dust returneth to dust again."

So when you are motoring, or perhaps walking, in London, and you see an obviously lost and strayed dog, I do beg of you to stop and do your utmost to retrieve it. It may take you a little time and trouble, but at any rate you are justifying your own dog's happy existence and doing something for one of "the least of these." There is so much sentiment talked about animals and so little done that I think it is "up to" all of us who profess to care for animals to do something definite and not only talk.

AS I said before, death is not necessarily sad, and, at any rate, "Brave and gay, high and low, all the same dark road must go," so when the last dark hour comes, and a beloved dog has to be put to sleep, don't grieve too much for him. You, yourself, must suffer and agonise, but that is the price of loving, and you must do your best to make his passing as quiet and calm as may be. That is the last office of love that we can perform, and perhaps the most important. I do beg of you to stay with him till the end, however hard it may be, for assuredly he will know you are close to him as he passes through the shadowed valley, and every living thing must shrink a little when the time comes for that journey.

ADCOMBE PHILIP

A fine Springer Spaniel belonging to Colonel G. H. Badcock. He is the winner of two Champion and two Reserve certificates and innumerable Firsts in Championship shows

VETERINARY surgeons are, for the most part, kind, but they could not do their work if they felt the death of every dog deeply, so it is your duty and privilege to make the best arrangements. For small dogs I think the wisest plan is to give them pills (which your vet will supply) that will make them drowsy and nearly unconscious. Then the chloroform can be administered—perhaps morphia may be injected first of all, and they pass away quietly. It is more difficult with big dogs, as chloroform does not always suit them, and they struggle so terribly. The humane killer is instantaneous and, as far as we know, painless. I think it is as good a way as any, and, of course, big dogs can also be given a sedative first of all, so that they are half doped when the moment comes, and they can be allowed to remain on their own mat or bed and thus know no horror of strange surroundings.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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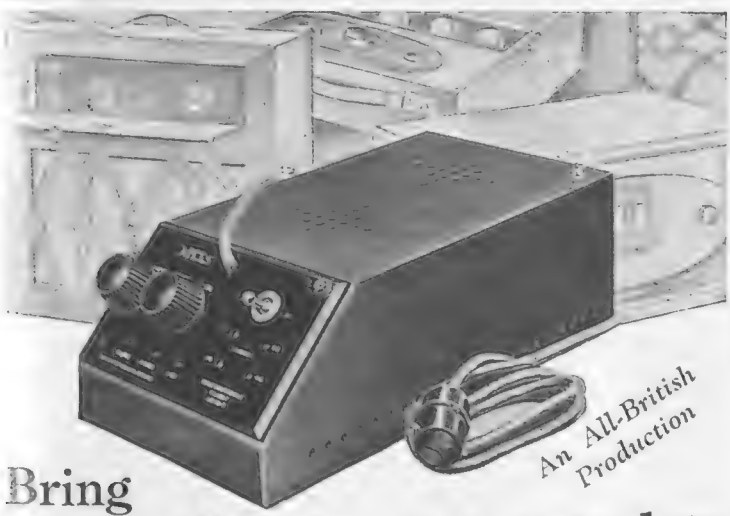

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Fashions Fancies

AN IRISH SUN SUIT

It is expressed in printed Irish linen showing a bold cretonne design and consists of trousers and coat, the scheme being completed with sunshade and hat. It has gone into residence at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

IRISH LINEN, SUN SUITS, FROCKS & Accessories

These frocks tell the story that for summer days there is nothing more charming than Irish linen; they are cut on the simplest lines imaginable and are available in white and a variety of gay colours. The model on the right is reinforced with a coatee. They may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

The Vogue for Irish Linen

FASHIONS may come and fashions may go, but the lure of linen remains. It is recorded that Pharaoh arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen, and throughout the centuries it has maintained its exalted position on account of its durability and health-giving qualities. This linen is used for dresses and accessories, as well as for the requirements of the household.

New Colourings and Printed Designs

AMONG the many important things in favour of Irish linen is that it washes and wears extremely well, and is in complete harmony with the spirit of summer. This season the colours are more lovely than ever, many of them being printed. Some labour under the impression that linen crushes easily. This is not the case unless it becomes damp. Women of discernment always have their linen frocks made in the simplest way, so that even amateurs in the art of ironing may give them a new lease of life.

Simplicity Charms

THE charm of simplicity is noticeable in the two Irish linen frocks on this page from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. They are 59*s.* 6*d.*, in sizes varying from 42 to 48 inches; if a coat be added, the cost is increased by a guinea. The model on the left is plain white piped with forget-me-not blue. As will be seen, the corsage crosses over, and there is an amusing pocket on one hip, which apparently springs from a flat bow. Another thing is the pointed hip yoke, a line of buttons appearing below. The other model is likewise of white linen. It has a very becoming flared circular skirt. The coatee can be carried out in any colour desired. There are between twenty and thirty from which a choice can be made. It looks particularly smart in the clear green of a young lily of the valley leaf.

Garden and Beach Suits

IRISH linen has likewise scored a success in garden and beach suits. The credit of the much-to-be-desired affair on page 245 must be given to Robinson and Cleaver. In this instance the linen is printed in a bold floral design, the entire scheme being faced with plain in the shade that predominates in the design. The trousers, mounted on a shaped yoke, are so wide that it is not until the wearer moves that it is realised that trousers and not a skirt are present. They are 34*s.* 6d. There are other suits with trousers and sleeveless jumpers for 21*s.* 9*d.* Hats, with printed crowns and stitched brims, are 8*s.* 11*d.* The needs of children have likewise been carefully considered. There are beach suits with printed trousers and tuck-in plain jumpers, and then there are shorts, which look extremely well with blouses and jumpers. Furthermore, there is a splendid assortment of overalls at prices that are sure to please.

Harmony Must Prevail

IN these days, when it is essential that harmony must prevail between the beach and garden suit, it must not be overlooked that there are sunshades of printed linen. They are quite inexpensive. And then there are pochettes for a few shillings. Already the leaders of fashion are having loose covers made for their deck and lounge chairs to match their suits, and the same thing applies to the mattresses with the waterproof base. Another new note is struck in the Irish linen gloves. They are innocent of fingers, but are provided with thumbs. They extend to the top of the arms and are reinforced with zip fastenings. Naturally, they have to be made for individual clients.

For the Household

NEITHER must it be overlooked that there are towels, sheets, pillow cases, and all table accessories, made of Irish linen. They are ornamented with drawn-thread work, embroidery, and lace. No longer is it essential that the cloth be of snowy whiteness. A pastel design may be introduced, the colours harmonising with the floral decorations.

The Foundation of Embroidery

IT must be related that since the very earliest times linen has been the foundation of good embroidery. When buying linen for embroidery needlework, care must be taken to ascertain that it has been bleached on the grass. It has a softness which makes it a pleasure to work, and the threads do not mat. Sometimes this work is done on half-bleach linens, their creamy-brown making a lovely background.

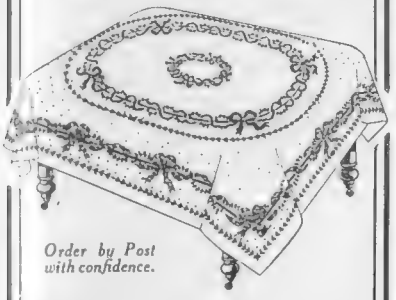
Switzers

(DUBLIN)

Renowned for DISTINCTIVE FASHIONS

Visitors to Dublin should make a point of seeing the many beautiful and exclusive styles at SWITZERS—the recognised Fashion House of Ireland.

PURE IRISH LINENS.



Order by Post with confidence.

Beautiful Irish Hand-woven Double Damask Table Cloths, Hand-embroidered Linen Tea Cloths, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, etc., at most attractive prices; also lovely Limerick and Carrickmacross Laces.

High-Class Restaurant and Hairdressing Salons (1st Floor).

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CONTENTS: April—June, 1931.

THE IRISH THEATRE IN 1930. By Andrew E. Malone.
LES AMOURS d'HÉLÈNE. FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE DE RONSARD. By Mona Price.
THE RIDDLE. By George Manning-Sanders.
DOUBLE BALLADE. FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. By Michael Scot.
HAND PRINTING AND MODERN CONDITIONS. By James Guthrie.
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They will stamp your sportswear with a refinement which no machine-made tweed can rival or imitate.

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W.H.CO.

Beautiful Sable Marmot Coat

MADE FROM FINEST QUALITY SKINS.

This Season's Model, with large roll collar, new bell sleeve. Length 44 ins.

Customers in England, etc., who apply for this model will have goods sent direct from our London agent.

Catalogue on application.

Very Special Price, £15 : 15 : 0

O.S. £18 : 18 : 0

J. M. BARNARDO & SON, LIMITED,
GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN.

Much to be desired are these sets for polished tables. They are of fine Irish linen, trimmed with lace and embroidery

The VOGUE for TABLE MATS

The Irish Climate

THERE is no doubt about it that the Irish climate is ideal for flax growing and linen making, and it is interesting to note that skilled Netherland weavers and French Protestants, when driven from their countries, settled in Ireland and disseminated their art. The real triumph of the Irish linen industry was the appointment of the Board of Trustees of the Irish Linen Manufacturers. It is unnecessary to dwell on their duties, or rather powers, here.

The Return of the Tablecloth

THE tablecloth most assuredly suffered an eclipse soon after the War, and lace-trimmed Irish linen table mats came into their own. There are a number of people who prefer them to the tablecloth, but they do not have it all their own way by any manner of means. The damask tablecloth is indeed a beautiful thing, both on account of the colours and the designs that are woven into it. Sometimes there are hand-painted designs. They are absolutely indestructible. As a matter of fact they will last as long as the linen. Imagine a delicate pale gold damask with a rose design. Surely nothing could be more attractive. Frequently the decoration of the china harmonises with that of the tablecloth and napkins. The artistic woman may work out many new ideas in colour blending.

Hand-painted Towels

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that snowy-white face towels are often enriched with pastel-tinted hand-painting, and it is indestructible. Coloured linen sheets were unknown two decades ago, now they are representative of the acme of smartness. Women choose them to harmonise with their hair and complexion. Pink sheets embroidered with white make the ideal setting for the brunette, and, of course, the curtains must harmonise as well as the china that forms the morning teaset cosy and nightdress sachet. Some prefer a contrast; everything connected with the bed may be pink and the curtains and accessories blue. Another colour scheme is green and yellow. Some like white sheets hemmed with colour.

The Care of Linen

IN conclusion, attention must be drawn to the fact that extremes of temperature have a deleterious effect on linen; if the cupboard air is too dry it is likely to make the fibres dry and brittle.

Catalogue Post Free

THE NEW SECOND FLOOR

The grouping of Salons on our newly designed second floor for Tea or Dressing Gowns, Lingerie, Pyjamas, Woven Underwear and Corsets, fulfils a long-felt need, as our clientele are saved both time and trouble.

These sections open one into the other, the floor is private, quiet, and affords every comfort and convenience whilst inspecting our display of exclusive novelties.

PYJAMA in good quality washing rayon . Milanese, tuck-in blouse and wide leg trousers, trimmed fine washing lace. In coral, ivory, cherry, black, pink, parchment and sky.

39/6

In washing satin beauté in the same colourings.

69/6

Sent on Approval.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

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DUN LAOGHAIRE (Kingstown)

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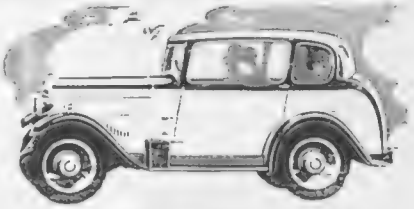
Owing to its unique position on the Royal Mail Route between London and Dublin, Dun Laoghaire can be easily and quickly reached from all parts of Great Britain. The Royal Mail Trains from London to Holyhead are among the fastest and best on the L.M.S. Line. At Holyhead you step off the train into the boat. The boats that carry the Irish Mails are famous the world over for speed and comfort. They make the fastest crossing, and take the shortest route (2¼ hours). In nine hours from London you are in Dun Laoghaire.

GUIDE AND ACCOMMODATION LIST free from Publicity Bureau, Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.

THE added comfort, safety and economy of triumph motoring—all make a very definite appeal to the family man. Deep cushioned seats, the perfectly appointed interior, hydraulic brakes and safety glass throughout ensure comfort, confidence and absolute peace of mind.

There are Super Seven models from £162 . 10s. Scorpion 6-Cyl. models from £220. Write for full details.



Luxuriously appointed, hydraulic brakes, safety glass, cellulose finish, chromium plating. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres.

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The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor)

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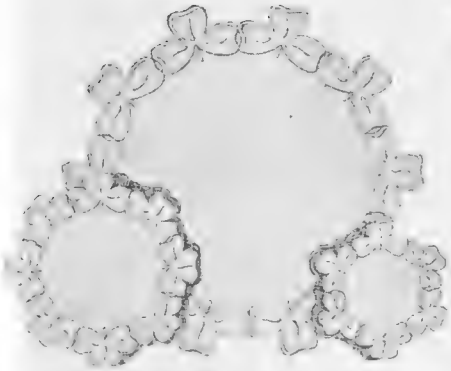
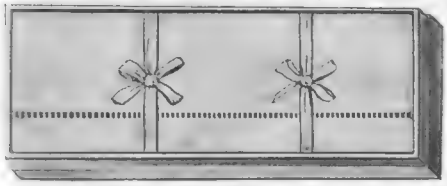
Quality—more important even than cost in Kitchen and House Linens—is combined at Gorringes with prices in every way consistent with Gorringes well-known reputation for REALLY GOOD VALUE. Typical examples are given below.



Z 100. **Coloured Irish Linen Madeira Hand Embroidered Luncheon Sets.** Colours: Wedgwood, Rose Pink, Nile, Daffodil, Lemon or Natural. The set comprises:

1 Centre, 18 inches,
6 Mats, 9 inches,
6 Mats, 6 inches.
Set complete, **15/-**



Z. 101. **Heavy Irish Linen Hemstitched Sheets,** good reliable quality.

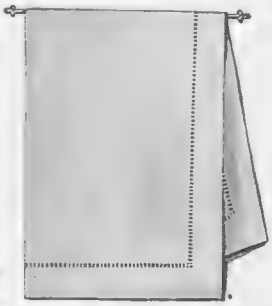
Sizes		Prices
2 × 3¼ yds	per pair	**20/-**
2½ × 3¼ yds.	,, ,,	**27/6**

Fine Irish Linen Hemstitched Sheets.

2 × 3¼ yds.	per pair.	**29/6**
2½ × 3¼ yds.	,, ,,	**37/6**

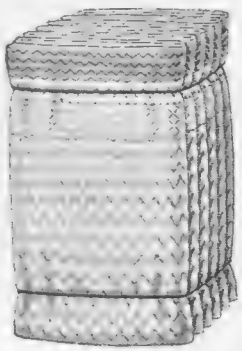
Z102. **Italian Hand Embroidered Linen Bedspreads.** Natural colour ground, with self embroidered (assorted) designs.

Sizes		Prices
2 × 2¾ yds.	each	**29/6**
2½ × 2¾ yds.	each	**37/6**



Z. 103. **Fine Irish Linen Hemstitched Pillow Cases.** With mitre corners, made to button.

Sizes	Prices
20 × 30 ins. each	**3/11**
22 × 32 ins. each	**4/6**
27 × 27 ins. each	**4/9**



Z. 104. **"MALVERN" Coloured Bathing Towels.** (Christys make). Colours: Blue, Pink, Gold, Green. With contrasting coloured ends. Fast washing colours.

Sizes	Prices
24 × 50 ins. each	**2/11**
30 × 50 ins. each	**3/11**
33 × 60 ins. each	**4/11**

Bath Sheets.

42 × 70 ins. each	**7/6**

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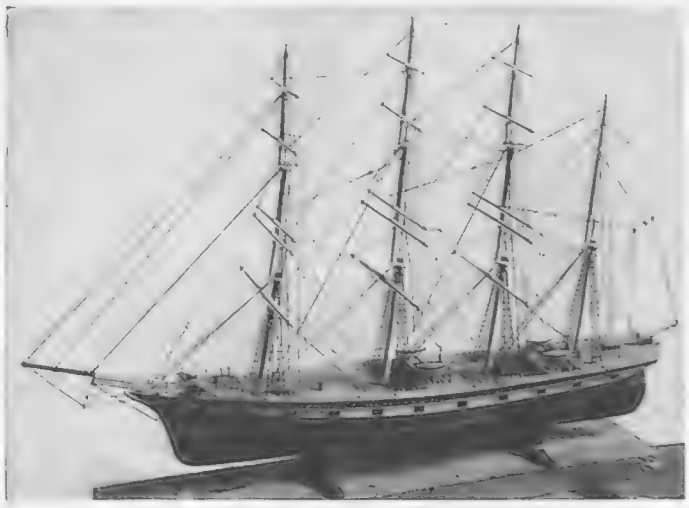
"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"Table from the Tee" — By "Taffy"

A bird's-eye view of the practice ground and golf school of the Stoke Poges Club. It was at this club that the competition for The Bystander £500 *Trophy took place this year*

To those golfers who cannot afford to give up their business if it interferes with their golf, and, unlike the fortunate members of the Stock Exchange, have to attend to their duties on Saturday mornings, the travelling facilities between Baker Street and Sandy Lodge will be a great boon. They may now catch the 1.15 p.m. train, lunch between Baker Street and Sandy Lodge in the Pullman, and be on the first tee in little over thirty-five minutes.

Mr. Marks, who is continually making improvements to the Sandy Lodge course, is to be complimented upon what was probably an unpremeditated publicity move; he has increased the size of the miniature sandhill on the right of the seventeenth fairway; apart from trapping a sliced tee-shot, it is most conspicuous from the railway line, and is better than any sign in attracting attention to the course; it reminds one of the seaside-like attractions of Sandy Lodge. With the new eighteen-hole course now in play, Stokes Poges can, I believe, accept new members. The old mansion makes an excellent Club House, and there is a very adequate Nineteenth Hole.

The practice course at Stoke sets an example which should be copied by many other clubs. It is often said that our standard of golf is lower than that of America because of our national dislike of practising. Here practice is made easy, each player plays his or her shot from a cubicle quite under cover. There are four bunkered greens, varying in length from 40 to 160 yards. For the modest charge of 1s. one is provided with 25 balls, or 100 for 2s. 6d., and may practice shots to one's heart's content, the balls being collected by attendants. The practice ground is surrounded by wire netting, eighteen feet high. The four holes are of the following lengths:

No. 1: 40 yards.
No. 2: 80 yards.
No. 3: 100 yards.
No. 4: 160 yards.

Hugh Roberts, the professional, gives lessons in this Practice School, and finds that he can devote the whole of his time to improving the style of the player without the inconvenience of having to wait while a caddie collects the balls. As there is room for two people in a cubicle, and practice shots can be played against another member, one need no longer be deprived entirely of exercise on a wet day.

Mr. H. S. Malik, who is now in the office of the High Commissioner of India, has played but little golf during his ten years' absence in India, but his play does not appear to have suffered.

The absence of Dale Bourn from the Close Amateur Championship must be a great disappointment to him, particularly as, I believe, he was playing very well before his accident. This year's competition is principally remarkable for the number of young players who are, at the time of writing, still well in the running; prominent among these are H. G. Bentley and E. R. Tipple, of Langley Park. The latter is a pupil of Henry Cotton. I was very interested to see it stated that he has played many "needle" rounds with Cotton for the modest stake of a shilling. What a difference to reports I hear from one club very near London, where some of the older members are fighting shy of playing owing to the amounts wagered on a game.

MR. E. R. TIPPLE
The Kent Amateur Champion, in action. He recently won the St. George's Hill Open Trophy with 75+73=148

Not long ago I played in a four-ball match on this course, when the stakes were £50 on the first nine, £50 on the last nine, and the same on the match. Needless to say, I did not participate in the monetary side, but helped my partner to win. We had a most enjoyable game except that I had the uncomfortable feeling that I must not allow my partner to lose so much. Incidentally, I was not invited to play in the same four again, obviously because I neither would nor could gamble to that extent.

Personally, I like to have something on the match, say a ball, or a ball on each nine and the match; this latter method, to my mind, keeps the interest alive much longer; but it is most regrettable that heavy stakes should drive members from a club. This evil is even greater on the Continent at some of the courses near the Casino, and I think steps should be taken by committees to discourage this practice at once.

Bravo, Diana! Miss Fishwick's 66 at Ranelagh on April 22 was only two over the men's records for the course, which has lately been lengthened and made more difficult. She completed the homeward nine in 33, only just failing to hole a putt for a two at the 16th.

Fred Robson broke the Shirley Park record by four strokes lately with a brilliant 66, four strokes better than the previous record. Some going!

Wife: "Well, dear, have you found a job yet?"

Husband: "Yes, my pet, you start work to-morrow!"

H.M.S. INVINCIBLE
Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It's the Tobacco that Counts

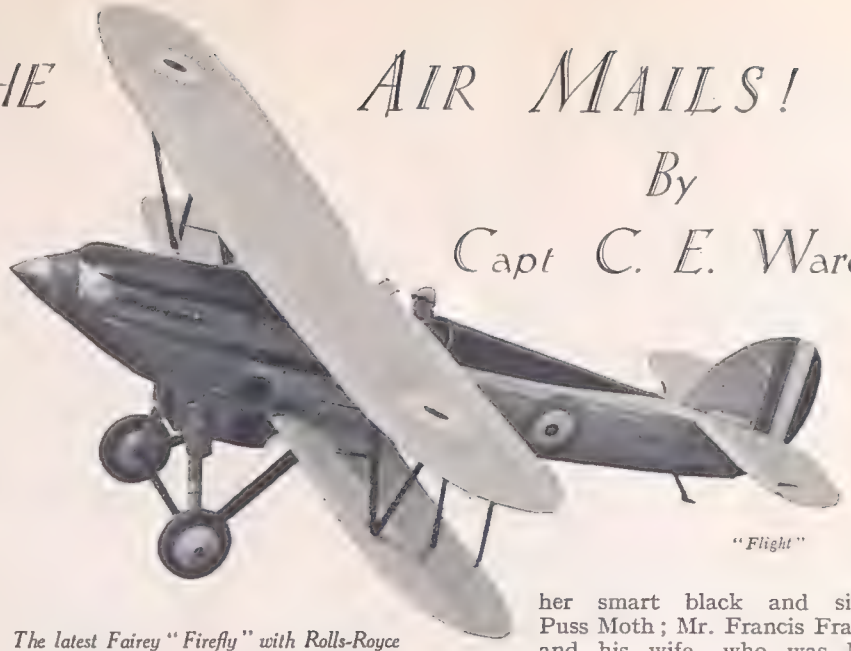
BY FLANAGAN

"OH YEAH?"

FLYING NOTES

SPEED UP THE AIR MAILS!

By Capt C. E. Ward



"Flight"

The latest Fairey "Firefly" with Rolls-Royce engine, capable of flying from London to Paris in little more than an hour. Machines like this, suitably modified, could be used for day and night air mail services

Safety in the Air

DR. N. A. PIERCY, who has been delivering a series of lectures on aviation, has drawn attention to the safety of flying, and particularly that in British machines. Air Ministry regulations for both civil and military aircraft demand a wide margin of strength, which has often proved an apparent handicap when comparing the prices and the performance of our aircraft against those from foreign countries with much lower safety factors. Imperial Airways has operated its "Silver Wing" service to and from Paris with 94 per cent. regularity since 1924 without injuries to any passengers. The rapid development of instruments and forms of wireless control to make piloting more and more automatic is responsible for increasing the safety of air travel.

The Mystery Ship

IN American flying circles this expression is used to describe any new machine which is supposed to have some outstanding feature not possessed by any other type. A recent example is the Travel Air monoplane which has been brought to Europe by Captain Frank Hawks, of the Texas Oil Co. His flight from Brussels to London in one hour and that to Rome in five hours odd attracted a good deal of attention. His machine is fast, but speed in the air seems to have been gained by the sacrifice of safety precautions, such as a reasonable gliding angle and control between sixty and seventy miles an hour when landing. In appearance the Travel Air is a racing type, whereas several British machines—notably those built by Hawkers and Faireys, which are as fast or even faster—follow normal lines, are without vices, and can be handled by any well-trained pilot. It seems a pity that the Air Ministry does not allow the Service to make a few demonstration flights to prove that standard British products are as good as, if not better than, the "mystery ships" from the U.S.A.

Pilots and Private Owners

LONDON aerodromes are fashionable rendezvous at week-ends, for what with people learning to fly, their friends looking on, and others leaving for house parties, a few days by the sea, or a Continental tour, there is much activity. Miss Ishbel MacDonald, the Premier's eldest daughter, has been taking some instruction under Captain Davies at Brooklands. Hanworth Park attracts many people as members owing to its secluded position away from the main roads and to the ideal setting of the club premises, which are those of a country house. Mrs. Sidney Cotton, who took her ticket at Hanworth recently, is the wife of Major Cotton, well known as a pilot of great experience in Arctic regions. At Heston, where more privately owned machines are housed than anywhere else in the country, one often sees Lady Drummond Hay with her smart black and silver Puss Moth; Mr. Francis Francis and his wife, who was Miss Sunny Jarman, with one of their fleet of aircraft; Mr. Gordon Selfridge, jun., with his Avian; and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, formerly Miss Edythe Baker, who has been taking lessons. Lord Clydesdale and his brother, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, are keen pilots, and never miss an opportunity of flying either for business or pleasure. For those touring the Continent it should be noted that private owners can park their machines at the military air station at Fréjus when visiting St. Raphael, St. Maxime, or the Golf Hotel at Beauvallon.

An action picture from Germany showing a glider being launched downhill with ropes and a willing crew. There are more than 100 gliding clubs in this country

Shoreham by the Sea

THERE is to be a flying At Home on Sunday next, May 3, at Shoreham, organised by the Southern Aero Club, which is established on the site of the pre-War aerodrome, where many of the older pilots taught themselves to fly. Mr. Pashley, who is instructing at Shoreham, must have been flying for at least twenty years. Several interesting machines have been designed and built in the club workshops, notably the Martlet, which is often seen at race meetings piloted by Mr. Miles. The Brighton Corporation is taking a long time to make up its mind about a municipal airport, and it is probable that Shoreham must be used for some years by Brighton, Hove and Worthing jointly, although it is not near enough to any of these towns for business purposes.

At Random

HESTON will be a busy spot on July 25th, King's Cup Day, being the starting and finishing point, and an intermediate control on the leg between Hooton Park, Cheshire and Shoreham. Support from R.A.F. units for civil air displays this year will be confined to the International Meeting at Blackpool in July and the Newcastle Club event on August 22nd. It is possible that a night-flying display will be included at Blackpool.

The most Exclusive Residential half

The creators of The Dorchester waited many years to secure the *one* quiet, sun-bathed site in London which would afford them opportunity to build, design and decorate the hotel which was to surpass in service and construction any hotel in any part of the world.

To-day The Dorchester Hotel stands completed—OPEN.

On the very edge of beautiful Hyde Park, within sound of jingling bits and cantering hoofs, you may now live and entertain amidst an interior luxuriously complete with every conceivable comfort, yet so restrained as to give an atmosphere of dignity and grace. Immediately you enter The Dorchester you will perceive the hotel service you have a right to expect now and in the future. A short stay—a small party, and you will be convinced that London has an added attraction which has never before been paralleled. To-morrow The Dorchester will be the residence and the rendezvous of those who would acquire address, accommodation and entertainment unequalled in modern luxury, yet tempered with dignity and entirely devoid of anxiety.

Entertainment

It can be done with complete success at The Dorchester more cheaply, and with less trouble than in many private residences. Private parties, business entertainments, public functions, banquets, charity balls—all can be accommodated in the sumptuous rooms available. There is a suite of ballrooms with reception rooms, whilst the main ballroom is capable of accommodating 1,200-1,500 people, and dining 700 at one time. Large garage accommodation is available beneath the grounds of the hotel, and clients can hire horses and grooms at any time for riding in Rotten Row. The Dorchester Dance Orchestra is under the direction of Melville Gideon.

SUNDAY *After Dinner* CONCERTS *in the Ballroom—Sunday Next* KREISLER

acre in the World—

The Dorchester Hotel

Never before Anywhere in Great Britain
TURKISH BATHS for the Exclusive use of Ladies

It is a part of considered policy to make The Dorchester especially attractive to ladies, and in addition to the Turkish Bath there is a Gymnasium, Beauty Parlour, Slimming Rooms, Hairdressing Rooms, etc. Vichy Baths, Wax Baths, Foam Baths, &c., will be kept for Ladies only, and will be constantly open for their use.

The Dorchester Hotel

Park Lane, London, W.1 — Mayfair 8888

MOTOR NOTES

MOTOR RACING IS DULL! By E. M. Wright

One of the new S.V. Morris Minor coachbuilt saloons passing peasants en route to the market with their pig, at Sierre, in the Swiss Alps. The car was on its way to Venice, and made the long and difficult journey in excellent time

IT is the common complaint of the sporting motor journalist that the only aspect of motor racing which interests the lay Press (and presumably the readers of the lay Press) is whether anyone is hurt or not. It is idle, however, merely to accuse reporters and public alike of being ghoulish Philistines. If accidents are featured and the racing more or less neglected, it is because racing, regarded from the purely sporting angle, fails to arouse "popular" enthusiasm—and that is not the fault so much of the public as of those who promote the races.

***

IF motor racing is to become a popular sport, from the spectator's point of view, it must have an element of novelty; it must combine sensational speed, personal prowess on the part of the drivers, and, perhaps, a suggestion of danger. Speeds are, in fact, higher than they have ever been before, but to the unpractised eye they do not look nearly so fast as in fact they are. Skill—superlative skill—is there, but the pity is that the ordinary man-in-the-paddock does not appreciate the fact. Driving a car at a hundred and something miles an hour *looks* ridiculously easy. Any motorist knows that it is not. For the purpose of attracting public interest it should *appear* to be tremendously hard. As things are, motor racing seems mechanical. There is not that personal element which is essential to the success of any sport. The drivers have little or no chance of "showing themselves off." Motor racing in consequence frequently lacks "pep."

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IN the eyes of the purists I shall rank, I fear, as a blaspheming heretic. "He would pander," I hear them say, "to the grosser tastes of the mob. He would turn our race tracks into circuses. He would draw to Brooklands 'Arries and 'Arriets who would rather see a first-class smash than watch a motoring 'ace' break an international record." Exactly; I would—in the interests of motor sport. Unless you make motor racing attractive, the public will ignore it altogether, and if the public will not turn out to watch races there will in time be no race to watch; for those who enter cars would not dream of doing so if there were (a) no prize money, and (b) no publicity.

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GIVE the public a thrill; give it something new; and the public will flock in its thousands. What better example could there be than the sport of dirt-track racing? Three years ago hardly anyone in this country had ever heard of it. Now, every summer all over the country, there are almost as many dirt-track meetings in a week as there are "legitimate" race meetings during the whole year. At its inception, dirt-track racing was utterly new. It still is an excellent draw. It is a sport not so much of machines as of personalities. The rider counts, in the eyes of the crowd, for more than the machine. A dirt-track "ace" is a real hero. One can see the entire race; and, lastly, even a novice can spot the winner. One is not bemused by complicated formulæ. Dirt-track racing has caught on because the promoters have sought to give it a "popular" appeal.

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THE spectacular side of motor sport is vitally important. Take two examples of highly successful Grand Prix events—in Monaco and in the Irish Free State. There is an intimacy about the Grand Prix de Monaco which no other race can rival. The race is run through the very streets of Monte Carlo, where the maximum number of people can get a good view of it, and the course is so short that one gets the utmost value for one's money. From the windows and balconies of the houses and hotels along the route spectators may watch in comfort cars racing literally only a few feet away from them. Street corners make wicked bends, and provide the spectator with a full measure of thrills. I admit that my point of view is that of a rather bloodthirsty onlooker. Is it mere chance, however, that the entries in this year's race contained an altogether extraordinary proportion of famous international racing drivers—that there were, in fact, too many entrants!

The new Hillman "Wizard," whose recent début at the Albert Hall occasioned such widespread interest, is here seen during the course of its testing. The photograph was taken at Meknes, Northern Africa

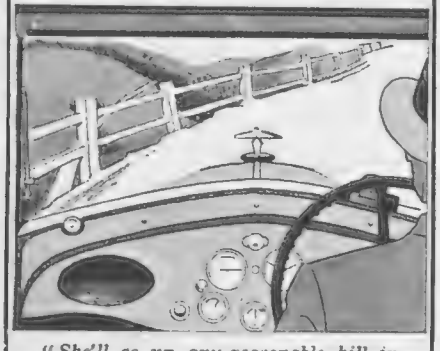
***

AND then there is the Irish Grand Prix. He was a genius whoever thought of holding it in Phœnix Park, the handiest and most accessible venue for the whole of Dublin, if not of Ireland. By no stretch of the imagination can I picture a corresponding race in Hyde Park, yet I should hesitate to estimate how many hundred thousands would attend were a race ever to be run there. It is not, of course, the fault of motorists that the sport in this country is apt to languish. Repressive laws forbid us to race on the roads, and we have got to do the best we can on artificial racing tracks. It needed the stimulus, however, of dirt-track racing to wake us up. Attempts, long

(Continued on page vi)

"There's none of that cramped feeling in the Cadet . . . the makers have allowed lots of headroom. The driving seat can be adjusted to any position."

"The Cadet saves an immense amount of time and trouble in streets like this. She runs quite happily at three miles an hour in top, yet her acceleration is amazing."



"She'll go up any reasonable hill in top, even from a walking start."

"This is a vile bit of road. But it's a fine test of the Cadet's springs—they make any surface seem good."

"It's simply amazing for £280—the VAUXHALL CADET"

YOU CAN BRING THESE PICTURES TO LIFE by asking any Vauxhall dealer for a trial run; or you will enjoy our unique driving-picture booklet "Your first ride in a Vauxhall Cadet," sent on request. Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

Other prices: Sports Coupé, £298; Four-light Coupé, £298; Two-seater, £295; Tourer, £275.
For overseas there is a special 26-h.p. model.

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VAUXHALL CADET

BRITISH

17 h.p., 6 Cylinders

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

overdue, to make Brooklands brighter and better, are beginning to succeed, and it is a distinct feather in the cap of the Club that the attendance at its Easter Monday meeting was almost a record, despite the fact that it was the wettest Easter Monday for years past. New kinds of races, new stunts to add to the interest of the meetings, and cheap railway fares are attracting more and more people to Brooklands.

* * *

Just lately the Light Car Club has announced an entirely new kind of race (to be held at Brooklands in July) which has created a distinct stir both among the "fans" and the general public. They promise us a relay race in which teams of three cars will cover a course of about 250 miles on roughly the same lines as those of an ordinary relay race on foot. At the end of each relay the old driver will have to pass on a token to his successor; and that successor will have to *run* on foot to his waiting car. Here, at last, is a human interest touch. The machine is eclipsed for a few moments at least, and the driver comes into the picture. If I read the rules aright, he may be very much in the picture; for if a car breaks down at a remote point on the track, the next car in the team may carry on, but only when the token has been handed over. Not only, it seems, may we enjoy a novel type of car race. We may possibly also see drivers breaking all Brooklands records on foot!

IN THE NEWS

Baby Records

In view of Mr. S. C. H. Davis's recent unfortunate accident at Brooklands, Sir Malcolm Campbell has offered to drive in his stead the new Austin Seven racing car which has been designed for attempts on international speed records this year. This new baby is largely modelled on Sir Malcolm's own "Bluebird" and is full of new and ingenious features. The streamlining of the body has been the subject of extensive wind-tunnel experiments. To reduce height, the engine and the transmission are set out of centre, allowing the driver to sit below the level of the propeller shaft.

It was in an Austin Seven that Sir Malcolm achieved new baby car records for the mile and kilometre at Daytona a few months ago. These records have since been beaten by Mr. G. E. T. Eyston in an M.G. Midget; and if Sir Malcolm betters Mr. Eyston's speeds, the latter will make a counter attempt to regain the records. Incidentally, Mr. Eyston is the only man ever to have driven a baby car at over 100 m.p.h. In an M.G. Midget at Montlhéry two months ago he broke no fewer than four international class records at speeds ranging between 101 and 103 m.p.h.

The new 1931 Singer "Victory" Ten Saloon. This car sells at the remarkably low price of £190

A New Six

A new and most interesting model was announced on Monday last by the Hillman Motor Company. This is the "Wizard," a six-cylinder car which sells for £270 for the five-seater family saloon. Prospective purchasers have a choice of two engine sizes for the same price.

One of the many outstanding features of the specification is the incorporation of a four-speed gear box with "traffic top" silent third gear, which should certainly prove of very great value to all drivers. It is thanks to the extensive rationalisation and reorganisation lately carried out in the Hillman Works that a car such as the "Wizard" can be offered in five different body styles all at prices under £300. Models, I understand, are immediately available from agents in different parts of the country.

E. M. W.

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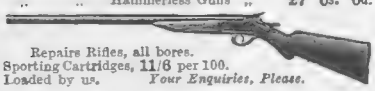

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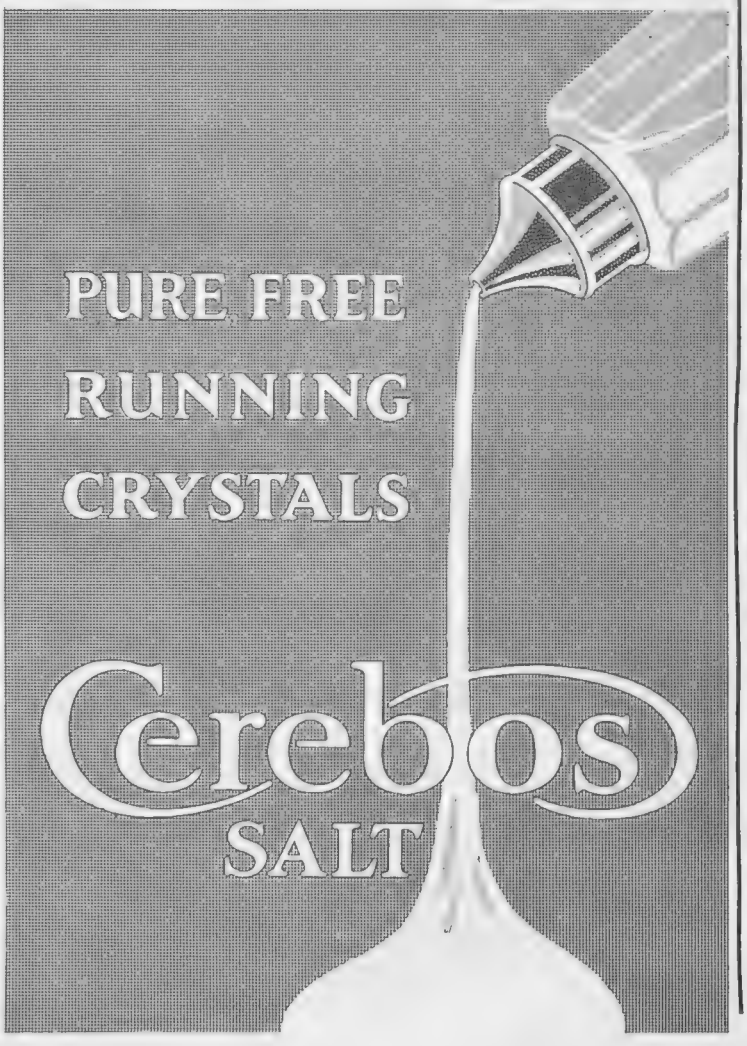

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

A DINNER MENU

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Œufs à la Caviare)

HARD-BOIL some eggs, shell them, and cut off a piece from the pointed end, so that when cut in half both halves will stand upright. Remove the yolk and fill with caviare. Pound the yolk with a little butter, pepper and salt, and make as many balls, the size of marbles, as there are cases of caviare, and ornament each case with a ball of the egg yolk. Arrange on a bed of cress.

M. HUMBERT POSSENTI

Who has taken over the management of Ciro's Club. Possessing an international reputation, he was until recently managing Ciro's in Monte Carlo

Filet de Sole à la Rouennais

TAKE a good-sized filleted sole, and make a lobster panada, prepared as follows: Melt ½ oz. butter, blend in ½ oz. flour, add ¼ gill of milk, and boil. Add four tablespoonfuls of pounded lobster, a little lemon juice, salt, pepper and cayenne. Place a layer of this mixture on each fillet, fold in the end, and double the fillet over in half. Lay them on a greased baking sheet and squeeze a little lemon juice over them, and cover them with greased paper. Bake for ten minutes.

Caille Rôti

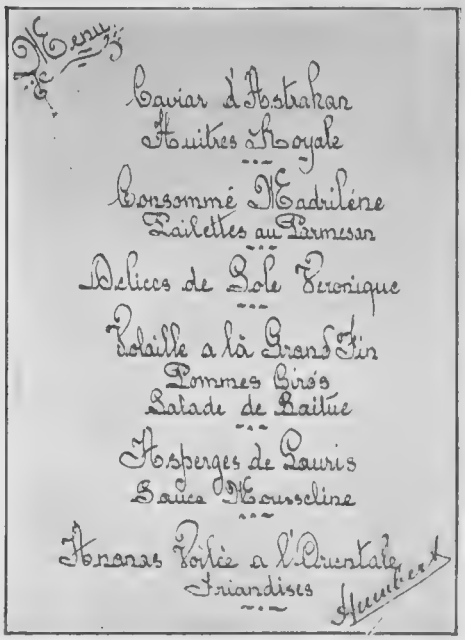
DRAW and truss as many quails as required, cover the breast part with a vine leaf and a slice of fat bacon, put them on wooden or steel skewers, and roast them before a good fire or in a hot oven for twelve or fifteen minutes, basting them with butter during the process of roasting. When done season with salt and untruss, dish up on fried croûtons of bread, and serve with fried breadcrumbs and gravy. Garnish the dish with watercress.

Crême d'Italie

HALF a pint of cream stiffly whipped, one teacupful of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, one small sherry-glass of sherry, half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in the milk and allowed to get cool. Then add the cream and sherry. A few ratafias crumbled in at the last minute are an improvement.

Croûtes à la Midas

CUT some thin slices of streaky bacon, make a farce of minced, cooked bloater, butter, minced parsley and pepper. Enclose a little in each strip of bacon. Roll them up. Fry the bacon rolls in a little butter. When ready, place them on previously fried croûtes, and squeeze a little lemon juice and dust cayenne over each.



The menu, signed by Humbert Possenti, the new manager, of a dinner at Ciro's Club, served on Wednesday of last week, when Marion Harris made her début and sang over half a dozen songs

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Lovely Villa to Let

A regular reader of THE BYSTANDER wants to let a bijou well-furnished villa at Villefranche, near Nice and Beaulieu, from beginning of May to end of September, on most exceptional terms. It is beautifully situated 200 feet above Villefranche Harbour. Two sitting, two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, electric light, gas and small garden. Price for five months, only frs. 4,000, or 32 guineas. Address Miss Barrow, Villa Ernestine, Avenue de Nice, Villefranche-sur-Mer, Alpes Maritime.

A New Road Guide

The makers of "Don" brake linings have issued an unusually interesting 40-page map book. It contains nineteen maps, drawn to sixteen miles per inch scale, covering in sections the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. All main roads and distances are clearly marked, and the places of interest in each section are described in whimsical language which makes fascinating reading. This book of maps is priced at one shilling, and may be had from garages, or direct from Small and Parkes, Ltd., Hendham Vale Works, Manchester.

Good News from Bourneville

An important reduction in the price of chocolate assortments is announced by the famous house of Cadbury Bros., Ltd. Well-known boxes of their chocolates such as King George, Prince of Wales or Princess Elizabeth, which once cost you 4*s*., will now cost only 3*s*. 6*d*. Cadbury's Milk Tray—the most popular chocolates in the world—are now 2*s*. 4*d*. per lb., instead of 2*s*. 8*d*. Other well-known assortments, such as "Red Rose," are also reduced in price. In their announcements Cadburys guarantee the weight and quality of their chocolates to remain absolutely unchanged.

Hearing for the Deaf at Olympia

Never have those suffering from deafness (head noises) been offered such a boon for their hearing. Inconspicuous aids to hearing is a dream that can now come true. Many deaf folk have fulfilled their dream when they met "Ardente;" and now is the opportunity for deaf ears to meet hearing in "Ardente" at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia. Go to the Empress Rooms, Grand Hall Gallery, where you are invited to demonstration and test without fee or obligation. Those who do not know "Ardente" indeed have a treat in store, because it means the end of their handicap for all times, needs and purposes. Hearing, with nothing to hold, nothing that will draw attention to your affliction, is what you will get in the new "Naturelle" (ear skin-shade) "Ardente" Wristbutton, which is entirely uncopyable, guaranteed, and serviced by an organisation under the personal supervision of Mr. R. H. Dent, with service bureaux in the most important towns, and 309, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss Davis, of Auckland, New Zealand, who celebrated their diamond wedding at Monte Carlo recently, received a telegram of congratulation from Their Majesties The King and Queen. On the left, behind, is Mr. Ernest Davis, their eldest son

Holidays and the G.W.R.

What amounts almost to a revolution in rail facilities will be introduced by the G.W.R. for the forthcoming Holiday Season. For many years there has been a public demand for excursion facilities to be granted for Saturday travel, and it is now announced that, commencing immediately, Excursion Tickets (or—as they will also be known—Holiday Return Tickets) will be issued from Paddington and principal G.W.R. stations on every Friday and every Saturday to recognised holiday resorts, and on every Sunday (where train service is suitable) to seaside holiday resorts. The fare charged will be at the usual excursion rate of 1*d*. per mile, and very liberal arrangements are being made for the return journey. The tickets will be available for return approximately a week later, and after that, to return on any day up to 15, 16, or 17 days by specified trains. The public are invited to call at the nearest G.W.R. railway station or office, where they may obtain the G.W.R. programmes of bookings for all holiday periods.

SEVILLE (SPAIN)

Folding of Bulls.

The Cathedral and the Giralda Tower.

Holy Week. Procession of Brotherhoods.

Image for Holy Week Processions.

Maria Luisa Park.

Procession of Dawn.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **MUNICH,** 6, *Residenzstrasse;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

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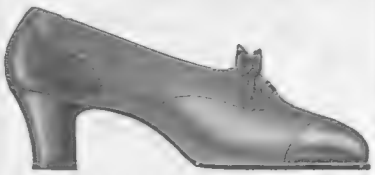
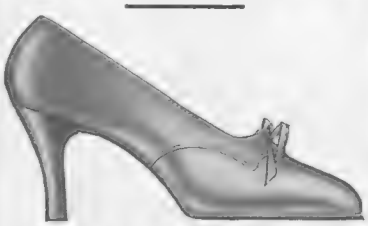
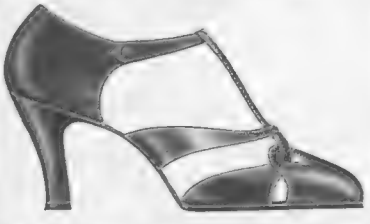


"RICHELIEU," in good quality suède, with heel piece and toe-cap in calf. Medium covered cuban heel in black or brown **28/-**



A low **TIE SHOE** of very smart style in fine glacé kid in brown, navy blue and dark green - **32/6**



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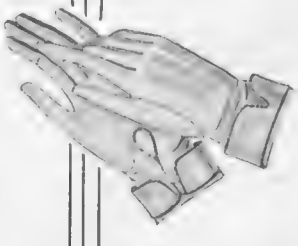

Very smart gloves for tailor-made wear in French Kid, neatly stitched in a contrasting shade. White, beaver, beige and fawn, guaranteed washable; also in black.

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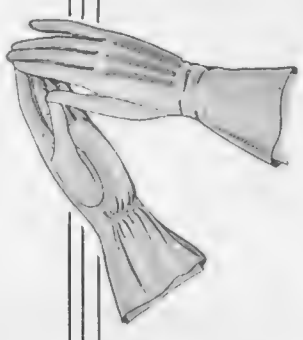

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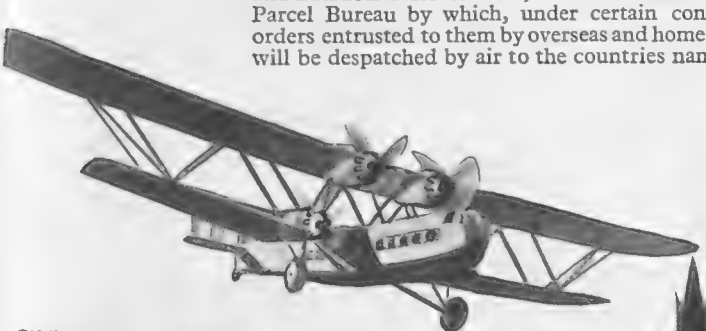

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Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African air route, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Halfa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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Sizes: 0 and 1
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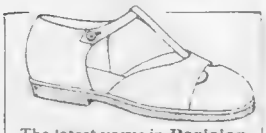

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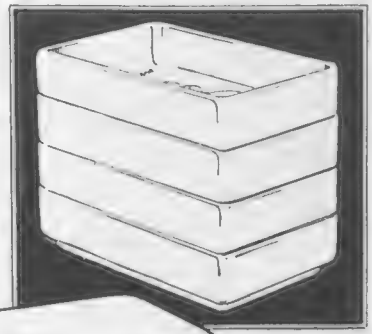

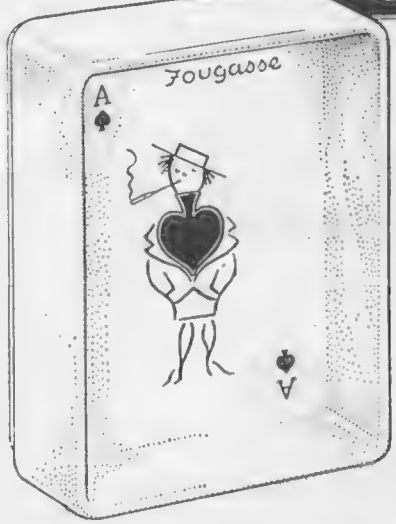

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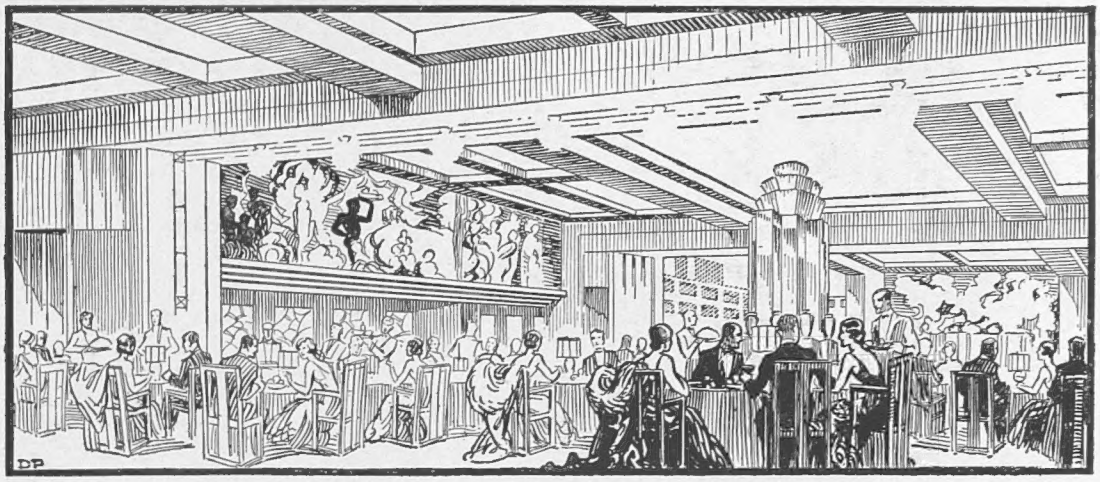

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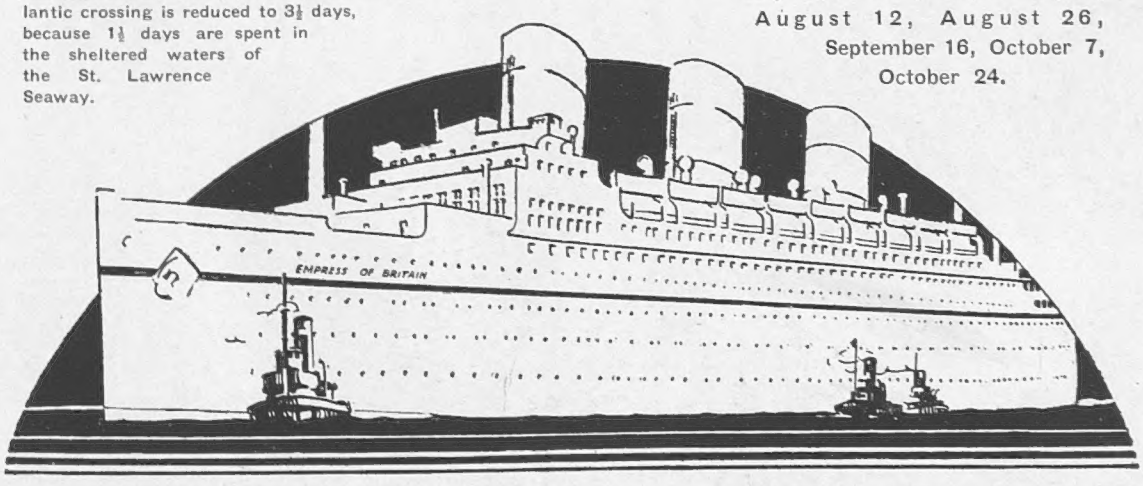

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